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ONLY A GRAVE.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Name there is none—for no stone stands in token,
"In memory fond" of the sleeper who lies
Summer and winter with slumbers unbroken,
With calmly still'd heart-beats, and closely-veil'd eyes;
Who slumbers so stilly, where long grasses wave
In graceful abundance above this small grave.

Is there some mother with heart heavy laden,
Lamenting the loss of a well-belov'd son?
Was the still sleeper a blithesome young maiden,
Whose short race of life was too speedily run?
And yet—what deep sorrows this sleeping may save—
Who knows all the troubles that rest in this grave?

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HEIRESS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

SHE NOTED the rigid lines about Mr. Lepel's mouth as he stepped forward from the window and spoke in a low stern tone.

"Was it impossible to prevent? It seems incredible to me. I hope"—almost savagely—"that you have punished for her extraordinary folly the woman who did the mischief?"

"She has been sent away," said Sister Louisa sadly; "but her punishment has not mended matters, Mr. Lepel. The excitement in the school was immense—unprecedented. We felt that it would be incumbent upon us to send Janie away for a time—until the story was to some extent forgotten."

"And you told her so? Women have hearts of stone!" cried Hubert. He forgot that his conduct had hitherto proved that his own was not very soft.

"I hope that we were not unkind to her," said Sister Louisa, with gentle dignity. "It was to be for a time only. We wanted her to go down to Leicestershire with two of our Sisters for a few weeks; we thought it advisable that she should have a change. The Reverend Mother herself mentioned the plan to her. I noticed that she changed color very much when it was proposed. She made one of her sharp speeches—quite in her old way. 'I see—I am not good enough to associate with other girls,' she said. We told her that it was no such thing—that we loved her as much as ever—that it was only for her own good that she was to leave St Elizabeth's for a time; but I am afraid that it was all of no avail. She listened to what we said with a face of stone. And in the morning—in the morning, Mr. Lepel, we found that she was gone."

"Gone! Without the knowledge of any of you?"

"Entirely. She must have stolen out in the middle of the night when every one was asleep. It is a wonder that no one heard her; but she is very light-footed and very nimble. She must have climbed the garden fence. She had left a folded piece of paper on her bed—it was a note for me."

"May I see it?" said Hubert eagerly.

Sister Louisa drew it from among the folds of her long black robes. He turned away from her while he read the few blurred hastily-written lines in which Janie said good-bye to the woman whom she had loved. He did not want Sister Louisa to see his face. He was more touched by her story than he liked to show.

"Dearest Mother Louisa," Janie had written, in her unformed girlish hand—"Don't be more angry and grieved than you can help! If they had been all like you I would have stayed. But every one will despise me now. I shall go to some place where nobody knows me, and earn my own living. Please forgive me! I do love you and St. Elizabeth's very much; but I must go away—I must! I can't bear to stay now that everybody knows all about me. I shall change my name, so you need not look for me."

The letter was simply signed "Janie"—nothing more. Hubert handed it back to its owner with a grave word of thanks.

"How is it," he said, "that I did not hear of her leaving you before I came to Winstead? Mrs. Rumbold is supposed to give me information of anything of importance respecting the girl. I have not had a word from her."

"Nor have we, although we wrote and telegraphed at once. I am afraid she is away from home. We did not know your address, or that you were interested in her."

"Of course not. I kept that matter to myself," said Hubert gloomily. "It seems that it was foolish of me to do so. May I ask what steps you have taken to discover the poor child?"

The Sisters, he found, had not been remiss in their endeavors. They had placed themselves in communication with a London detective; they had consulted the local police; they had made inquiries at railway-stations and roadside inns. But as yet they had heard nothing of the fugitive.

The girl was strong and active, a good walker and runner; it seemed pretty evident that she had not gone by train or by ordinary roads. She must have plunged into the fields and taken a cross-country route in some direction. Probably she had gone to London; and in London she was tolerably safe from pursuit.

"Had she money?" Hubert asked of Sister Louisa.

"Not a penny."

"She will be driven back to you by hunger."

"I am afraid not. She was entirely too proud to return to us of her own free will."

"Is she good-looking?"

"No, I think not," said the Sister a little doubtfully. "She was tall for her age, thin and unformed; she had a brown skin and hair cut short like a boy's. Her eyes were beautiful—large and dark; but she was too pale and awkward-looking to be pretty. When she had a color—oh, then it was a different matter!"

Hubert took away with him a full description of Jane Wood's clothes and probable appearance, and on reaching London went straight to the office of a private detective. To this man he told as much of Janie's story as was necessary, and declared himself ready to spend any reasonable amount of money as long as there was a possibility of finding the lost girl. The detective was not very hopeful of success; the runaway had already had two days' start—enough for a complete change of identity. Probably she had put on boy's clothes and was lurking about the streets of London.

"But she had no money!" Hubert urged.

"She'll get some somehow," the detective answered quietly.

For some days and weeks Hubert lived in a fever of suspense. He had set his heart on finding the girl and sending her back to St. Elizabeth's—or elsewhere.

Some kind of a home must be secured to her. For the sake of his own peace of mind, he must know that she was safe. He could not forgive Mrs. Rumbold for having been absent in Switzerland when Sister Louisa wrote to her about Jane Wood's flight, and thus being able to inform him of it immediately. He had an unreasonable conviction that, if he had known at once of Janie's disappearance, he would have succeeded in tracking her. But for this opinion he really had no ground at all.

So days and weeks and months went on, and brought with them the conviction that the girl was lost for ever. Nothing was heard of her either at Winstead or at Beechfield, and Hubert Lepel was obliged at last to acknowledge that all his efforts had been in vain.

The girl refused to be benefited any longer; the wild blood in her veins had asserted itself; she was probably leading the outcast life from which he thought that he had rescued her; she had gone down on the tide of poverty and vice and crime which floods the London streets. He shuddered sometimes when he thought of it.

He haunted the doors of theatres, the courts and alleys of East London, looking sombrely for a face which he would not have known if he had seen it. He fancied that Andrew Westwood's daughter would bear her history in her eyes—the great dark eyes that he remembered as her sole beauty when she was a child.

It was a mad fancy, born of his desire to atone for a wrong that he had done to an innocent man. The wrong seemed greater than ever when it darkened the life of a weak young girl and tortured the heart of the innocent man's child.

* * * * * * * *

Eight years had passed away since the tragedy that brought the little village of Beechfield into luckless notoriety. During those eight years what changes had taken place! Even at quiet rustic Beechfield many things had come to pass. Old Mr. Rumbold had been gathered to his fathers, and Mrs. Rumbold had gone to live with friends in London.

The new Rector was young, energetic, good-looking, and unmarried. At the Hall there were changes too. Enid Vane had grown from a delicate child into a lovely girl of seventeen. The house was no longer chill and desolate—brightness seemed to have come back to it with her growth—a brightness which even the General, saddened as he had been by his brother's death, could not resist.

He had taken his own way of contributing to the cheerfulness of the Hall. Six months after Mrs. Sydney Vane's death he had married Florence Lepel, as Miss Vane had predicted that he would, and a little boy of five years old was now running about the Hall gardens and calling the General "father." The old man positively adored this little lad, and believed him to be perfection.

He was fond of Enid and of his wife, but he doated on the child. He seemed indeed to love him more than did the mother of the boy. Florence Lepel was not perhaps of a very loving disposition, but it was remarkable that she apparently almost disliked little Dick.

She never petted or fondled the child—sometimes she rebuked him very angrily. And yet he was docile, sweet-tempered, and quick-witted, though not particularly handsome; but Florence had never liked children, and she made her own son no exception to the rule.

Eight years had changed Florence very little in outward appearance. She was still pale, slender, graceful—languid in manner slow of speech, and given to the reading of French novels.

But there were dark shades beneath her velvety brown eyes, as if she had suffered from ill-health. She had taken to lying on a sofa a great deal; she did not visit much, and she seldom allowed any festivity at the Hall. She remained in her boudoir for the greater part of the day, with the rose-colored blinds down and the doors carefully closed and curtained to exclude any sound of the outer world; and while she was upstairs the General and his niece Enid and the boy had the house to themselves, and enjoyed their liberty extremely.

In the afternoon Mrs. Vane would be found in the drawing-room, ready for visitors; but she generally returned to her boudoir for a rest before dinner, and steadily set her face against late hours in the evening.

Nobody knew what was the matter with her; some people spoke vaguely of her "nerves," of the extreme delicacy and sensitiveness of her organization—some said that Beechfield did not suit her, and others whispered that she had never been "quite right" since her baby was born.

At any rate she was a semi-invalid; and she did not seem to know what was the matter with her any more than other people. She sat in her luxurious lounging-chair, or lay on the softest of sofas, day after without complaint, always pale, silent, graceful—an habitual smile, sweet and weary, upon her pinched lips, but no smile in her eyes, where a fire sometimes glowed which seemed to be burning her very life away.

One balmy September afternoon she had established herself rather earlier than usual in the drawing-room. A bright little fire burned in the polished steel grate—for Florence was always chilly—but the windows were open; a faint breeze from the terrace swept into the room and moved the lace curtains gently to and fro.

The blinds were half drawn down, so that the room was not very light; the shadowed perfumed atmosphere was grateful after the brightness of the autumn afternoon.

Florence Vane sat in a low arm-chair near the fire. She had a small table beside her, on which stood her dainty work-basket half full of colored silks, her embroidery patterns, a novel, a gold vinaigrette, and a French fan. She had cushions at her back, a footstool for her feet, a soft white shawl on her shoulders. It was very plain that she liked to make herself comfortable. She wore a gown of pale blue silk embroidered in silver—a most artistic garment which suited her to perfection, and which was as soft and luxurious as the rest of her surroundings. The white cat which lay curled up on the rug at her feet could not have looked more at her ease.

In a chair opposite to her sat a man of rather more than thirty, who looked thirty-five or even forty when the little light from the curtained windows fell upon his dark face and showed the gray threads that were beginning to appear in his moustache.

If he had been a woman, he would have sat with his back to the window, as Florence was doing now. But Hubert Lepel was not at all the man to think about his appearance, or to regret the fact, if he did not think about it, that he looked more than his age. He had found it rather an advantage to him during the last few years.

Florence had not seen him for some time and she commented silently and acutely on the change in his appearance. He had a subtle face, she thought—keen, stern, sardonic—too deeply furrowed for a man of his years, too haggard to be exactly handsome, but certainly very interesting, especially to the mind of a woman who had seen little of the world. This was as it should be.

She smiled to herself; she was a born plotter, and she had a scheme for Hubert's benefit now. It was only fair that he should partake of the good fortune that had fallen to her lot.

"It was kind of you to come," she was saying languidly, "for I know that you don't care for Beechfield."

"No," he said; "I prefer London on the whole."

"And foreign travel. It is quite extraordinary to think how little you have been in England for the last few years! I have not seen you for—how long, Hubert?"

"Three years, I believe."

"And that only for an hour or two in London, at intervals of six months! I hope that you are going to be a little more sociable now, and run down to see us occasionally."

The brother and sister looked at each other steadily for a moment without speaking. Each knew well enough what was in the other's mind.

"Yes," said Hubert at last, in a peculiarly light and careless voice; "I think I shall." He crossed his legs and settled himself into an easier position in his chair. "Beechfield is not a bad place to stay for a few days—or even a few weeks—now and then. And you seem very comfortable, Florence."

"Yes," she said, "I am comfortable. The General is very kind."

"And you have a fine boy—a nice little chap," said Hubert, still lightly.

"Yes; he is a healthy child," she answered in the mechanical way in which she had spoken before.

Hubert gave her a keen glance. He looked at the long but not ungraceful lines of her slender figure, at the blue veins which showed themselves in the dead white of her hands, at the shade beneath her eyes, and knitted his brows a trifle impatiently. Then he spoke in lowered tones which betrayed some suppressed emotion.

"You have gained all that you wanted," he said—"you ought to be satisfied."

She stirred a little in her chair, and allowed a faint smile to appear upon her lips.

"And you," she said, "are a very successful man. How many nights did your last play run? You are popular; you have made money; you ought to be satisfied too."

Each knew that the other was not satisfied at all, each knew the cause of that silent dissatisfaction with what life had to give.

"I am satisfied," said the young man grimly.

It was the tone that said, "I will be satisfied in spite of fate! In spite of my own actions, my own sin, my own remorse, I will be satisfied!"

"You have changed your note," said Florence, regarding him curiously.

"And not too soon," he answered decisively. "There is nothing so useless as sorrowing over the past and regretting what cannot be undone. Let me recommend my philosophy of life to you. Make the best of what remains; we cannot bring back what we have cast away." There was a new hardness in his tone—not of recklessness, but of unflinching determination.

He rose and stood on the hearthrug, with his hands behind him as he spoke. "I have taken a new departure. I have wasted many hours of the past. I am resolved to waste not one hour in the future. 'Though much is taken, much remains,' as the poet says; and you and I, Florence, have all to look for in the future and nothing in the past."

"That is true," she said, in a very low tone. "Nothing in the past!" Then she sat up, as if stirred to movement by his attitude, and looked at him again. "What has caused this change of mind, Hubert? Have you fallen in love?"

He uttered a short laugh.

"Not I—I don't know the sensation."

"You knew it a few years ago, when I thought you would marry pretty Mary Marsden."

"She married a Jew money-lender," said Hubert drily. "I saw her the other day—she weighs fourteen stone, I should think!"

"Poor little Mary! It was not love then?"

"No, it is not." He was silent a minute or two, pulling his moustache with a quick nervous movement which betrayed some agitation of mind. Then he said quickly, "I had better tell you something and get it over, though I have no wish to rake up the memory of unpleasant subjects. I heard a few months ago that the man Westwood was dead."

"Dead! At Portland?"

"Yes. An accident at the works where he was engaged. He died after a few hours' unconsciousness."

Florence meditated for a few moments, and then said softly—

"I think that I now understand."

"It will be better that we do not speak of the matter again," said Hubert, in the masterful way which she was beginning to recognize as one of his characteristics. "It is all over and done with; nothing we can say or do will make any difference. The man is gone, and we are here. We can begin a new life if we choose."

His sister watched him with eyes which expressed a greater gloom than he was able to understand. Her hands began to tremble as he said the last few words.

"You can—you can!" she cried, almost with vehemence. "But for me—there is no new life for me!"—and, covering her face with her hands, she began to weep, not violently, but so that he saw tears oozing from between her slender fingers.

Hubert stood aghast. Was this trembling woman the cold imperturbable sister whom he had known of old? He had seldom seen Florence shed tears, even in her youthful days. Was it the consciousness of her past guilt that had changed her thus?

He reflected that, according to all tradition, a woman's nature was more sensitive and delicate than that of a man. Florence was weighed down perhaps by the sense of remorse which he had well-nigh forgotten.

He had, as he had said, resolved to put the past behind him and lead an entirely new life.

She, a woman, with all a woman's weakness, found it a difficult task to forgive herself the misery that she had caused; and he the only person who could understand and sympathize with her, who might have strengthened her in her struggle against evil—for such he considered must be the cause of her distress—he had neglected her and been perhaps a source of pain instead of encouragement. He should have remembered that her guilt was surely not greater than his own.

Softened by these thoughts, he bent down to place his hand on her shoulder and kiss her forehead.

"My poor Flossy," he said, using the old pet name as he had used it for many weary years, "you must not grieve now! Forget the past—we can but leave it to Heaven. There is nothing—absolutely nothing now—that we can do."

"No," she said, letting her hands fall upon her lap and wearily submitting to his kiss—"nothing for you—nothing at all for you—now."

There was a deep meaning in her words to which he had not the slightest clue.

CHAPTER XI.

HUBERT LEPEL had accepted his sister's invitation to Beechfield Hall for two nights only; but, as he had given to understand, he was quite willing to come again, supposing of course that she made his visit agreeable to him.

So far—an hour and a half after his first arrival—it had not been very agreeable. He had been obliged to allude to a matter which was highly unpleasant to him, and he had to stand by while his sister burst into quite unnecessary and incomprehensible tears.

He was not so soft-hearted a man as he had been eight years ago, and he told himself impatiently that he could not stand much more of this kind of thing.

For the last three years he had been, as Florence had said, almost always out of England.

When his search for Jane Wood proved a failure, he had taken a strong dislike for a time to London life and London ways. He had been making money by his literary work, and was well able to afford himself a little recreation.

He went to Egypt therefore, and to India, took a look at China and Japan, and came home by way of South America.

He did not care to go much in beaten tracks; and during his absence he wrote a book or two which were fairly successful and also a play which created a great sensation.

He had come back to London now, and was at work upon another play, on which great hopes had been founded. If it were as successful as the first, there was every likelihood of his becoming a very rich man.

He had got his head fairly above water, and meant to keep it there; and he conceived that he had brooded too long over the past.

He had seen little Dick Vane when he first arrived, and he had spent nearly two hours with Florence, but he had not yet encountered the General or the General's niece and adopted daughter, Enid Vane. The two had gone out riding and did not return until after five o'clock.

"Just in time for tea!" said the General, in a tone of profound satisfaction. "I thought that we were later. And how do you find yourself, Hubert, my dear boy? Why, I declare I shouldn't have known you! Should you, Enid? He is as brown as a Hindoo."

"Would you have known me?" said Hubert, with a smile at the girl who followed her uncle into the room and now gave him her hand by way of greeting. The smile was forced in order to conceal a momentary twitch of his features, which he could not quite control at the first sight of Sydney Vane's daughter; but it looked natural enough.

The girl raised her eyes to his with a shy sweet smile.

"I am afraid that I don't remember very well," she said; and Hubert thought that he had never seen anything much prettier than her smile.

She was seventeen, and looked so fair, so delicate, in her almost childish loveliness of outline and expression that Florence's white skin became haggard and hard in comparison.

Her slight figure was displayed to full advantage by a well-made riding-habit, and under her correct little high hat her golden hair shone like sunshine.

There was a soft color in her cheeks, a freshness on her smiling lips, that made the observer long to kiss them, as if they belonged to some simple child.

Her manner too was almost that of a child—frank, naïve, direct and unembarrassed; but in her eyes there lurked a shadow which contradicted the innocent simplicity of her expressive countenance. It was not a shadow of evil, but of sadness, of a subdued melancholy—the sadness of a girl whose life had been darkened by some undeserved calamity.

It was a look that redeemed her face from the charge of inanimateness that might otherwise have been brought out against it, and gave it that faintly sombre touch which was especially fascinating to a man like Hubert Lepel.

He continued to talk to the General, who had questions to ask him concerning his travels and his friends; but his eyes followed the movements of the girl as she stepped quietly about the room, pouring out tea for one, carrying cake and biscuits to another.

Twice he sprang up to assist her, but was met with a smile and a shake of the head from her, and the assurance from her uncle that Enid liked waiting on people—he need not try to take her vocation from her.

He had to sit down again, and thought, half against his will, of that other Enid—Tennyson's Enid, in her faded gown—and of Prince Geraint's desire to kiss the dainty thumb "that crossed the trencher as she set it down." He at least was no Geraint, he said to himself, to win this gentle maiden's heart.

But he watched her nevertheless, with a growing admiration that was not a little dangerous.

With a faint cynical smile Florence noted the direction of his eyes. As soon as her husband and his niece entered the room, she had lapsed into the graceful indolent silence which seemed habitual to her. Enid brought her a cup of tea, and ministered to her wants with assiduity and gentleness of manner, though as Hubert thought, with no great show of affection; and Florence accepted the girl's attentions with perfect equanimity and a caressing word or two of thanks. And yet Hubert fancied—he knew not why—that there was no look of love in Flossy's drooping eyes.

"Please may I come in?" said Master Dick's small treble at the door. He was a fair blue-eyed little fellow, but not much like either his father or mother, thought Hubert, as the child stood in the doorway and looked rather doubtfully into the room.

Florence's brow contracted for a moment.

"Why are you not having your nursery-tea?" she said. "We do not want you unless we send for you."

"I want to see uncle Hubert," persisted the boy stolidly.

Hubert held out his hand to him with a smile that children still found winning.

"Come in, little man," he said. "I want to see you too."

Dick marched in at once, still however keeping an eye fixed upon his mother. There was something almost like fear in the look; and it was noticeable that neither the General nor Enid spoke to invite him into the room.

"You may come in," Florence said at last, very coldly—almost as one might speak to a grown person whom one had a strong reason to dislike—"but you cannot stay more than five minutes. You are not wanted here."

"Oh, come, I think we all want him!" said Hubert good humoredly. "I wish to make my nephew's acquaintance, at any rate. I have something for him in my portmanteau up-stairs."

Florence made a sudden and, as it seemed, involuntary gesture, and knocked down a vase of flowers on the table at her right. There was some confusion in consequence, as the flowers had to be gathered up and the fragments of the broken vase collected, so that Hubert had little opportunity of talking to his nephew. And, as soon as "the fuss," as he mentally called it, was over, Mrs. Vane said, in her coldest, slowest voice—

"Now, Dick, you may go to the nursery. Say good night."

"Good night?" questioned Hubert. "Why, he does not go to bed at this hour in the afternoon, does he?"

"He goes at half-past-six or seven," replied Florence. "Pray do not interfere with the nursery regulations, my dear Hubert."

"I shall see more of him to-morrow, I suppose," said Hubert, smiling at the child's wistful face as he went from one to another to say good night.

Little Dick's eyes lit up at once, but the light in them died out when, on tip-toe, as if afraid of disturbing her, he approached his mother. Hubert thought that there was a touch of something odd in the manner of every one present, and was glad to see that Enid's kisses and whispered words of endearment brought a flush of pleasure to the child's delicate cheeks before he turned away.

The General then took possession of the visitor and marched him off to look at the stables.

The old man had recovered all his old cheeriness and heartiness of manner; there was a little more feebleness in his gait than there used to be, and he walked with a stick, but Hubert was pleased to see that his eyes were bright, and to find him loquaciously inclined.

The shock of Sydney's death had not seriously affected him, and Hubert was conscious of a thrill of relief at the sight of his evident health and happiness.

Considering that Mr. Lepel believed himself to have closed his heart against the past, he was singularly open to attacks of painful memory. He was annoyed by his own readiness to be hurt, and almost wished that he had not come to Beechfield.

He saw neither of the ladies again until dinner-time, when he thought that Enid looked even lovelier in her simple white frock than in her riding-habit.

He observed her a good deal at dinner, and made up his mind that she was the very model of an ideal heroine—sweet, gentle, fair, pure-minded, intelligent—all that a fresh young English girl should be.

The type did not attract him greatly; but it was just as well to study so perfect a specimen when he had one at hand; he wanted to introduce a girl of this sort into his next novel, and he preferred portraiture to mere invention.

He would keep the novel in mind when he talked to her; it would perhaps prevent any dwelling on unpleasant subjects—for, oh, how like the girl's eyes were to those of her dead father!

So he sat by the piano after dinner while Enid played dreamy melodies that soothed the General into slumber, and then he persuaded her to walk with him in the moonlight on the terrace, and talked to her of his strange adventures in foreign lands until the child thought that she had never heard anything half so wonderful before.

And, as they passed and repassed the windows, they were watched by Florence Vane with eyes that gleamed beneath her heavy eyelids with the narrow intentness of the emerald orbs belonging to her favorite white cat.

She had never looked more as if she were silently following some malevolent design than when she watched the couple on the terrace on that moonlit night.

Enid very quickly made friends with Mr. Lepel—so quickly indeed that she was moved to confide some of her most private opinions to him before he had been much more than twenty-four hours at Beechfield Hall. It was anent little Dick and his mother that the first confidence took place.

The whole party had been having tea under the great beech-tree on the lawn, and after a time Enid and Hubert were left alone by the others.

They chattered gaily together, he answering her eager questions about London and Paris and Berlin, she catechizing him with an eagerness which amused and interested him.

Presently they saw Dick running towards them across the lawn. A white figure at one of the windows on the terrace, a call to the boy, and Dick's wild career was arrested.

He stood still for a moment, then turned slowly towards the house, breaking into a childish wail of grief as he did so.

Hubert stopped short in the sentence

that he was addressing to his young cousin, and looked after the boy.

"What is the matter with the poor little chap?" he asked.

Enid's eyes were fixed anxiously upon the window where the white figure had appeared.

"Florence called him," she said, in a very small voice.

"And why should the fact of his mother's calling him make him cry?" he asked.

"Florence thinks it best to be strict," said Enid, still with unnatural firmness of manner. "He is running away from his nurse now, I know; and I suppose he will be sent to bed directly after tea for doing so—as he was yesterday."

"Was he? Poor little beggar! Was that the reason why he looked so miserable and you were all so solemn? What had he done?"

"He came into the drawing-room without permission. He was let off very easily because you were there, but I have known his mother punish him severely for doing so."

"But, good heavens," said Hubert, rising from his seat and leaning against the trunk of the beech-tree, while he looked down at Enid with an expression of utter perplexity, "why on earth should the child have so little freedom; and why should Florence be so hard on him? She must be altered. She was never fond of children, but she was too indolent to be severe. Was not that your experience of her when you were a child?"

"Yes," said Enid, but too hesitatingly to give Hubert all the assurance that he wished for—"yes; she did not take much trouble about what what I did. It is different with her own child."

"Surely she loves her own child better than she loved other children—better even than you!" said Hubert with the soft intonation that turned the words into a compliment. "It is natural in a mother."

"One would think so," said the girl. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she spoke hurriedly, with her beautiful eyes full of tears. "Oh, cousin Hubert,"—it was thus that she had addressed him ever since her babyhood—"do not think that I am unkind to Florence—I do not mean it unkindly—but it does seem sometimes as if she really hated her little boy! Poor little Dick has never known what it is to have a mother's love. I am so sorry for him! I know what it is to be motherless." Hubert averted his face, and gazed into the distance. "I have lived many years without either father or mother," said the girl, in a tone the simple pathos of which seemed to pierce her hearer's heart, "but at any rate I remember what it was to have their love."

She wondered why Hubert stood motionless and irresponsive; it was not like him to be so silent when an appeal was made to his sympathy.

She colored rosy red with the instinctive fear that she had gone too far, had said something of which he did not approve, and she tried, in her naive unconsciousness of ill, to put the matter straight.

"But I have been very happy," she said earnestly. "Florence has always been kind, and dear mamma herself could not have done more for me. It is only that she seems cold and severe with Dick——— Dear cousin Hubert, I hope you are not angry with me for saying what I have said about your sister?"

He was obliged to look at her when she addressed him thus directly. She was surprised by the expression of pain—bitter humiliating pain—upon his face.

Was it sympathy for her loss, she wondered, or grief for little Dick's position, or distress at her accusation of Florence that caused his face to wear that look of positive anguish? She could not tell.

"Angry?" he said, stretching out his hand and laying it tenderly on her own, while the pain in his eyes softened into a melancholy as inscrutable as the pain. "Could I ever be angry with you, Enid? Poor little lonely motherless child! Heaven knows, if I could protect you from sorrow or pain henceforward, I would do so at the cost of my life!"

He withdrew his hand and walked away somewhat abruptly, without once looking round.

Enid remained where he had left her, pale with emotion, overpowered by a feeling that was neither joy nor fear, but which partook of both.

* * * * * *

Hubert felt that he had been betrayed into displaying an excess of emotion very foreign to the character of the cynic and the worldling which he was desirous to assume. Circumstances, he told himself, had been too strong for him.

Even at the price of not making a study for a novel of poor little Enid's personality—and how could he ever seriously of such a thing?—he must not risk close intercourse with her.

Her innocent allusions to the past, her guileless confidence in himself, wrung his heart with shame and dismay.

When he left her, he wandered away to the other side of the sheet of water in front of the house, until he came to a small fir plantation on the side of the hill which rose from the water's edge.

He had not been there for three years, and yet he had not forgotten a single turning in the narrow pathway wich ran deviously between the fir-tree shrubs; the memory of the little open glade in the centre of the tiny wood had never lost its terrible distinctness.

Sometimes, when he closed his eyes, he could see every detail of the scene, every branch of the fir-trees against the darkening sky, every rise or depression in the mossy ground.

The very scent of the woods gave him a sickening sensation; the crunch of a broken twig made him turn pale with the horror of a quick remembrance. For it was in the fir wood that Sydney Vane had been found murdered—it was in the fir wood that Hubert Lepel had first felt that his hand was red with his cousin's life blood.

He had not at first felt all the horror of his deed. He told himself again and again that he had been justified in what he did. He had punished a man for a base and craven act; he had challenged him and met him in a fair fight. By all the laws of honor he considered himself justified. It was better that Marion Vane's heart should be broken by her husband's death than by the news that he had deserted her. It was better that Enid should think of her father as a saint and martyr than as a profligate whose hand no honest man or woman would care to hold.

Hubert Lepel sternly told himself that he had done good and not evil in ridding the earth of a thoroughly bad man like Sydney Vane. If he might have avowed the deed and its motive, he felt that he could almost have gloried in it; but how to confess what he had done? At the first moment of all he had restrained, in terrible fear of implicating Florence, not knowing how far she was mistress of herself; then, when he saw that she was well able to defend her own reputation and that he might confess the truth without bringing in her name at all—why, then he hesitated, and found that his courage had deserted him. Florence entreated him to conceal his act. He remembered that Sydney Vane had almost forced him to use weapons—a course which Hubert himself would never have suggested; and it was fatally easy to let things take their course.

He hoped, in his youthful ignorance of the laws of circumstantial evidence, that the jury would bring in a verdict of suicide. When this hope was destroyed, he still thought that the matter would be left a mystery—so many mysteries are never cleared up at all! He did not think any one else could possibly be suspected. He was horrified when suspicion fell upon Andrew Westwood, a poacher who had been vowing vengeance on Sydney Vane for the past three months.

To the very end of the trial he hoped that Westwood would be acquitted. When he had been condemned, Hubert vowed to himself that at any rate no man should suffer death in his place.

If no reprieve could be obtained, no commutation of the sentence, he would speak out and set Andrew Westwood free. The message of mercy came only just in time. He was on the very point of delivering himself up to justice when news arrived that Westwood's death sentence had been commuted to one of imprisonment for life. Did that make matters any better? Hubert thought that it did. And his heart failed him—he could not bear the thought of public disgrace, condemnation, punishment.

He knew himself to be a coward and a villain, and yet he could not bring himself to tell the truth. When Miss Vane accused him of his heartlessness because he explained his pallor by saying that he had spent the previous evening with friends, he was in reality suffering from the depression consequent on several nights of sleepless agony of mind.

He was not silent for his own sake alone. He was afraid of implicating Flossy, the woman to whom Sydney Vane had proposed love and about whom he had quarrelled with her brother. It was Flossy's share in the matter that sealed his lips; and from the moment of his conversation with Florence at the library window his mind was made up. He had gone too far to draw back—Andrew Westwood must bear his fate. Lifelong imprisonment scarcely seemed more terrible to Hubert Lepel just then than the life sentence of remorse which he had brought on his own head.

Since those days his heart had grown harder. He had resolved to forget—to fight down the secret consciousness of guilt which pursued him night and day—to live his own life, in spite of the haunting sense that he had sacrificed all that was good and noble in himself, all that really made life worth having.

He was striving hard, as he said to Florence, to cast the past behind him, to live as if he were what he had been before he bore about with him the shadow of a crime.

But, in the very first endeavor which Hubert Lepel made to act as if the past were done away with, he was brought face to face with it again, and made to feel as he had seldom felt before that he had wronged not only those who were dead, but those who were living—for he had Florence become the wife of a man, the mother of a child, whom she did not love, and he had left the girl whom his own hand had made fatherless to Florence's care. As to Westwood's child, she was in worse case than Enid Vane, for she was not only orphaned perhaps, and lost to all that was good and pure.

He thought of this as he stood in the fir wood, surveying the scene where the suddenly-improvised duel had taken place; and, as the memory of it grew upon him, he cast himself down on the mossy ground and sobbed aloud.

He had not shed a tear for years, and such as came now were few and painful and bitter as gall; but they would not be repressed.

It was strange, even to himself, that he should be so beaten down by a little thing—a child's simple words about her mother, a moment's loneliness in the wood where her father had met his death.

The world would not have recognised him, the cold, subtle, polished, keen-witted *flaneur*, the witty man of letters, critic, traveller, playwright, novelist, all in one, in that crushed figure beneath the firs, with head bowed down, hands clutched in agony, muscular frame shaken by the violence of convulsive sobs. The convicted sinner, the penitent, had nothing in common with Hubert Lepel, as known to the world at large.

Presently he came to himself a little and sat up, with his hands clasped round his knees. Some strange thoughts visited him in those quiet moments. What if he gave up the attempt to brave life out? What if he acknowledged the truth and cleared poor Westwood's name? England would ring from end to end with horror at his baseness.

What if, by confessing, he could lay to rest the terrors that at times took hold of his guilty soul—terrors, not of death, nor what comes after death—terrors of life and of the doom of baseness reserved for the soul that will be base, the gradual declension of heart and mind for the man who said, "Evil, be thou my good"? He was not one who could bear as yet to think of moral death without a shiver. He had fallen, he had sinned; but, for his misery and his punishment, his soul was not yet dead. What then if he should give himself up to justice after all? It seemed to him, in that moment of solitude, that only by so doing he could regain the freedom of mind, the peace of conscience which he had now forfeited, perhaps for evermore.

He sat thinking of the possibilities of life opening out before him, and decided that he could give them up without a pang. But there were persons to be thought of beside himself. To his relatives, to the relatives of the murdered man, the discovery of the truth would be a terrible shock. There was no person—except the missing girl, of whom he dared scarcely think—who could benefit by the clearing of Andrew Westwood's name. The only gain that would accrue from his confession would be, he considered, a subjective gain to himself.

Abstract justice would be done, no doubt and Westwood's character would be cleared; but that was all. He ought to have spoken earlier if he meant to do good speaking. Confession, he said to himself, would be self-indulgence now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Yankee holds his own as an inventor. One person to every 820 of the population of Connecticut took out a patent last year. The other extreme was represented by North Carolina, to which only fifty-five patents were issued, an average of one to every 25,450 of the population.

Bric-a-Brac.

FOR SPELLERS.—Something for clever spellers to be asked to write out from dictation: A narrative of a harassed juggler's embarrassments in gauging the symmetry of a peeled pear, whilst a pedlar's pony, with unparalleled ecstasy, ate a potato out of a fiddler's pig-trough.

FROGS.—There are regular preserves for keeping and fattening frogs in Vienna; almost any species is considered perfectly suitable for the table. In the West Indies the grunting frog is in favor, and in South Africa a large species, when cooked, might be mistaken for chicken.

LYNCH LAW.—Most persons are unaware that the term "Lynch law" originated in Campbell County, Virginia, before the Revolutionary War. At that period the country was thinly settled and was infested by thieves and desperadoes—too many of them apparently for the local authorities to adequately punish. Colonel Charles Lynch, a distinguished officer of the Revolutionary army, undertook to rid his county of the outlaws. He organized a force, arrested the outlaws, and, having satisfied himself and his comrades of the guilt of the accused, executed them without reference to the constituted authorities.

A STRANGE LIFE.—A remarkable girl has died in Chicago. Josephine Grabski was her name, and she was 18 years old. She was the eldest of a family of six children, and she had never walked a step in her life. She had never seen the light of day, never heard the sound of voices and never uttered an intelligible syllable. She ate what was given her, rejecting nothing, and never made a sign that she desired more. The only feeling that this semi-inanimate creature ever betrayed was when a flower was placed in her hand. She was no larger than an ordinary ten-year-old child. After death her countenance looked like that of a beautiful angel in sweet repose, and the lips were parted in a smile, though she had never smiled in her life.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE LAW.—Some idea of the tautology of the legal formula may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein, if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying "I give you that orange," he must set for his will and deed thus: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantage therein, with full power to bite such, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter or in any other deed, or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what kind of nature soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

A SHORT-LIVED TRIUMPH.—A San Francisco paper of April 2 tells this: "The silver half dollar nailed to the end of a stick driven down between the paving stones in the street at the crossing of California and Battery streets, yesterday, caused a great number of persons to stop and attempt to increase their finances, then start on with a metaphorical flea in each ear, muttering something about April fool. At length a small boy came along, kicked vigorously at the coin, comprehended the situation and walked off. He soon returned armed with a pair of blacksmith's pincers, and seizing the head of the stick with a firm grip, pulled it up bodily and walked off with it in triumph, remarking *sotto voce*, 'I guess somebody else is fooled this time.' But what is the world coming to? That half dollar was bogus."

AGAINST POTATOES.—Monsieur Parmentier, who had learned the value of the potato as an article of food in the prisons of Germany, overcame the prejudices entertained against it in France, where it was said to produce leprosy, fevers, and other diseases. His mode of rendering this vegetable popular and desirable was curious; for he began by cultivating it in the open fields, and causing it to be carefully guarded by day only; he was not disappointed when he was informed, that this apparent caution had induced depredation by night. He then obtained from the king of France the favor of wearing a bunch of potato blossoms in the buttonhole of his coat, at a solemn fete; and nothing was required to cause some of the great lords of the kingdom to order its cultivation on their estates. Not, however, till the last years of his life, was he completely successful; and during the great Revolution he was rejected as a magistrate, because he had introduced potatoes.

YEARS AGO.

Aye, 'twas thirty years ago—
All the garden was aglow;
Ruddy hollyhocks, red roses,
Marigold and salvia posies,
Stately sunflow'rs, humble pansies—
"Heartease true as little Nan's is,"
Quoth my lover, speaking low.
In the orchard trilled a robin.
Ah me! how my heart was throbbin'
Those long happy years ago!

Well, the tale's been often told;
Two things, pure love and pure gold,
Do not wane with passing fashion.
Life's cold without human passion.
Pick me that blue pansy yonder—
Thoughts for pansies, say you?—fonder
Grow out thoughts as we wax old.
Haply, as the rough path steepens,
And our feet lag, true love deepens—
Just because the tale's retold.

SIBYL'S CONCERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

SIBYL, the painful stage of her convalescence over, was by no means deserving of the general commiseration lavished upon her, but was, on the contrary, very comfortable and well amused, while the real sufferer by the accident remained unpitied.

The ordinary home duties seemed unbearably irksome and monotonous to Annie during those days when she was everlastingly picturing to herself the scenes which were probably taking place within those other rooms, looking out upon the green Homestead gardens.

When Mary Catherine's sober figure was seen flitting past, on her accustomed errands of charity, Annie's mind instantly portrayed the tete-a-tete which her absence would leave so completely undisturbed; and night after night, as she sat waiting in vain for her tardy wooer, the outcome of those tete-a-tetes seemed only the more certain and inevitable.

Mrs. Riley, gentlest and most unobservant of women, was utterly at a loss to account for her daughter's pale cheeks and drooping spirits, and unconsciously added not a little to Annie's discomfort by her innocent questionings; but the climax was reached when, with a sudden assumption of authority, Mrs. Riley declared her intention of sending at once for Doctor Waters, to decide what was really the matter and prescribe a cure.

Annie, who had been sitting, gazing blankly before her, in a fit of gloomy idleness, darted one keen interrogative glance at the unsuspecting speaker, and then, struck with the utter absurdity of the suggestion, broke out into such a peal of derisive laughter that her mother's anxiety melted away then and there, and the subject was dropped.

After a day or two spent in this dreary manner, Annie began to feel another desire springing up, and growing daily in power and intensity; she wanted to see for herself what was really going on, and the longing to do this soon became too strong to be resisted.

"Mother," she said, as she stood by an open window one afternoon, gazing out into the sunny garden, "I have been wondering if I should go and inquire after Miss Aythea at the Homestead. I have never been, you know, since her accident, and I hear that she is downstairs and able to see visitors now. What do you think?"

"Yes, certainly, dear; it would only be kindly. I am sure she would be very pleased to see thee," Mrs. Riley replied warmly, only too glad to encourage any such inclination in her daughter's despondent state of mind; and Annie, after a moment's hesitation, turned and went upstairs to her room.

A cool summer dress, newly home from the dressmaker's hands, was laid across the bed, where she had placed it a moment or two ago, to be ready to put on in case she should decide to pay the much-thought-of visit.

It was perhaps a little more elaborate than Annie's dresses usually were, and she was looking at it with considerable satisfaction, when something in the color of the fresh folds recalled Sibyl Aythea's primrose draperies on the eventful afternoon of the garden-party.

Annie's face flushed, and she threw the dress aside, with a muttered exclamation:

"No; he will only think that I am trying to imitate her. I'll go as I am!"

And, putting on her hat, and hastily seizing parasol and gloves, she started off without further preparation.

It was a long dusty walk, and she was both tired and heated when she was shown into the drawing-room at the Homestead.

After scarcely a moment's rest, she was requested to follow the servant into the library, where Miss Aythea would be happy to see her.

Here the sunblinds were down, and Sibyl's couch, drawn close to the open window, was protected from any possibility of draught by a large gold-and-black screen; and it would have been hard to find a lovelier picture than that presented by the reclining figure shown up against this background.

If Mrs. Pollard herself had been impressed to the verge of irritation by the effect of her friend's appearance in the role of invalid, it was hardly likely that a single item which went to make up that whole should escape the keen scrutiny of Annie's jealous eyes—the beautiful hair gathered loosely together at the nape of the slender neck, and falling in a shining mass below the waist; the dainty white gown, with its ruffles of lace and its glimpses of pink silk lining; all seemed, in the first shock of unwilling admiration, but so many deliberate wiles of the siren, and Annie could not refrain from a hasty exclamation.

"Well, I came to inquire after your health; but you don't look much of an invalid—you have got yourself up for conquest!"

Sibyl held out one slim white hand in welcome, with a little stare of bewilderment.

Beautiful garments were so much a matter of course to her that Annie herself could not have donned her well-worn prints and muslins with less idea of display, and she could hardly realise the effect which her different costumes produced upon the members of this simple-minded community.

"Now, this is good of you!" she said, smiling. "I am so delighted to see you! Do get a nice low chair and sit down beside me; I am sure you must be dreadfully tired after such a long walk. I was just wishing that some one would come in this afternoon. Carrie has not been up since Wednesday, and I have been wondering what has become of her."

"I think she has been busy helping Amy Lee," replied Annie, drawing up a little chair, and wondering whether it really was a faint smell of smoke which she had fancied she noticed on entering the room. "Mr. Lee found that he could get away a fortnight earlier than he expected, so they packed up in a great hurry, and started off yesterday morning. They are to join the Pollards on the Continent later on, as you know."

"Yes," assented Sibyl. "I only hope that this stupid affair of mine may not delay them. I don't think it will, for I am sure I shall be able to go back very soon now; and really, if it were not for the sake of other people, and the horrible upset it has been to them, I should be completely happy here—it is such a new experience to me, and everybody is so exceedingly kind. As for the Doctor, I am quite in love with him—he is perfectly charming!"

Annie gave a gasp. Absorbed in her fears about Joshua, she had entirely forgotten that Doctor Waters, as the family doctor of the Worthingtons, would naturally be in attendance on the invalid; and the knowledge, now that it had come, was anything but pleasant.

Was even his affection to be stolen from her?

Annie could almost have found in her heart at that moment to hate the fair girl lying before her, whose slim hands seemed to toy with the very threads of her destiny, as amusement during these idle days of convalescence; and even as the thought passed through her mind Joshua entered, his hands full of roses.

"No, there are no more crimson ones open," he began, evidently replying to a question which had been raised shortly before. "However, I have brought you some yellow—— Hallo!"

He stopped short, noticing Annie's presence for the first time, and favored her with a stare of surprise.

There was no trace of embarrassment or pleasure, or, indeed, of strong feeling of any kind in his manner, as Annie realized despairingly — nothing but simple and rather unwelcome astonishment.

"Hallo, Annie, where did you spring from? Walked over to inquire after the invalid—eh? You look precious hot!"

Annie bit her lip in anger, and her irritation increased as she watched Joshua pull forward an easy-chair, and, seating himself by the little table before Sibyl's couch, proceed to arrange the flowers in a large china bowl, evidently placed there for the purpose.

"There—does that suit your ladyship?" he inquired, when, the last blossom duly arranged, he pushed it over for the invalid's inspection. "You have no idea, Annie, what a difficult person this is to please about flowers. She thinks I do not know anything about arranging them—at least, she did at first. I have improved a little under tuition—haven't I?"

"Oh, yes"—and Sibyl smiled—"you are not nearly so florid in your selections as you were! You would have laughed, Annie, if you had seen the brilliant posies he prepared for me the first day or two I was ill—just like a market-woman's Saturday bunches; they only wanted the sprig of mint in the background to be complete! However, it is very ungrateful of me to make fun of them, for it has been a great pleasure to have them."

"Do you remember those roses I gathered for you the day the people were here, and that I couldn't persuade you to wear? It is a judgment on you for your obstinacy, your being obliged to be dependent on me for them now," returned Joshua, apparently as unconscious of his final bestowal of those roses as he was of the sharp sense of pain with which Annie realized that after all, in that moment of renunciation, she had only given over to Sibyl what had been already offered and rejected.

"Mary Catherine is out at a committee-meeting," continued Joshua, throwing himself so far back in his chair as to be able to reach the bell-handle and give it a vigorous pull, "so we won't wait for her, but have the tea brought at once; and you shall do the honors, Miss Sibyl."

In spite of Sibyl's protestations in favor of Annie, he still insisted on having the tea-table placed beside the couch; and, propping her up with cushions, he stood by watching her play the part of hostess, with an expression in his eyes which made the onlooker's heart turn faint within her.

If Annie had been anxious to see for herself how matters were, she had been painfully successful in gaining that information; and already a complete revulsion of feeling had taken place, and she only longed to get away from witnessing the destruction of her happiness.

It was too early yet however to be able to leave without attracting attention, after having come such a long distance; so she sat on, joining as well as she could in the conversation, and eagerly watching for a favorable opportunity to say good-bye.

It came at last—a ring, unnoticed by the other two, but hailed by herself as a possible relief, had sounded through the house a moment before; and now quick footsteps were heard coming along the uncarpeted hall, and Doctor Waters entered the room.

He gave a slight start of surprise at the sight of the little group seated round the tea-table, and the color came into his face as he shook hands with Annie.

"Don't run away, Miss Riley. I have come more on a friendly visit to-day than a professional one. Don't let me disturb you."

"Oh, it is quite time that I started for home; I was thinking of getting up before you came in!" replied Annie, by no means tempted to stay and see the subjunction of her remaining lover; and she proceeded to make her adieux with all despatch, in spite of the entreaties which Sibyl joined to those of the Doctor.

Joshua rang the bell for the servant, and, opening the door of the room, stood outside in the hall until Annie made her appearance, when he held out his hand in farewell.

"Good-bye, Annie! I shall be coming up one of these nights."

Annie looked at him full in the face for a moment, with very bright brown eyes, and then passed on, with a careless inclination of the head, which was so well done as to succeed in holding Joshua's attention for fully two minutes, in the disagreeable impression that Annie was getting "confoundedly independent."

This was the first time she had ever been allowed to return from the Homestead alone, and even now, as she slowly made her way down the garden-path, she could not bring herself to believe that Joshua would really allow her to go unaccompanied; and each fresh turn or bend in the road brought a fresh chill of disappointment as there was no sign of his familiar figure.

It was long after she had given up hope, and when she had proceeded some distance along the dusty high road, that the sound of hasty footsteps, and the glimpse of a black hat moving rapidly along on the other side of the hedge, reminded her of a forgotten short cut, and set her heart beating quickly.

It was not Joshua Worthington, but Doctor Waters who confronted her, as a few paces forward brought them both at once to the little rustic gate.

"I came in the hope of catching you up, Miss Annie," he began, "because I very much wanted to speak to you for a moment. Why did you run away just now, as soon as I appeared? You don't know how you hurt me. I will be intolerable if the very sight of me interrupts your pleasure like that."

"Oh, you need have no compunction about this afternoon, I assure you!" Annie protested. "I had been wanting to go for some time, and only made you an excuse! I wasn't enjoying my visit." Then, with sudden animation—"I suppose you are like every one else—captivated by the beauty of your patient. Don't you admire her immensely?"

"Yes, she is certainly a lovely piece of pink-and-white; but, from my point of view, she is decidedly disappointing—she ought to have been much stronger by now. People with those transparent-looking complexion seldom have much of a constitution."

"Well"—and Annie laughed with a nearer approach to light-heartedness than she had felt for many a long day—"you are stoical! Fancy looking at Sibyl Aythea as a mere professional case, and a disappointing constitution!"

"And how else would it be possible for me to look at her?"

Annie glanced keenly at his face as he turned towards her; the dark eyes were as steadfast and loving as ever, but surely he was looking older, paler, more careworn than when they met last; the lines about the forehead and mouth seemed deeper and more fixed; and a new feeling of gratitude and sympathy filled her heart.

Did he really care so much as this? Could it be possible that any one was going through, on her account, the same suffering that she was enduring through Joshua's unfaithfulness?

"How else would it be possible for me to look at her?" he repeated meaningly; and for the first time, as he looked steadfastly at her, Annie Riley's honest eyes drooped before his gaze.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MISS WORTHINGTON," said Sibyl the next morning, as she lay in her usual place on the comfortable lounge, lazily watching Mary Catherine's busy fingers darting in an out of her work, "I wonder if you would let me look at your album? I have been gazing longingly at it for the last half-hour. I mayn't read, but I am sure that could do me no harm; I am always interested in looking at people, even if I don't know them."

Mary Catherine smiled faintly.

"Thou art welcome to look at it if it pleases thee," she said; "but I fear thou wilt be disappointed. Joshua keeps his album locked away in his room—this one is my father's, and will seem but an old-fashioned affair in thine eyes."

Sibyl privately thought that that fact might add considerably to her amusement; but before she had turned over half the leaves of the cumbrous and heavy volume she had come to the conclusion that she was mistaken.

The dress of Joshua Worthington's friends had not altered in the last twenty years, as that of the outer world had done. There were no enormous crinolines, leg-of-mutton sleeves, and unbecoming coiffures; no heavily flounced and shawled young ladies, with thick braids of hair brought down low over their cheeks; no unhappy little girls, with their skinny shoulders rising shivering above enormous plaid dresses.

Mr. Worthington's album was filled with likenesses of the shining lights in his own denomination, and ladies of any description were few and far between. It was a relief, when almost at the end of the book, to come upon a whole page full of a child's photographs—the same child, a sturdy little boy, in whom, as he grew more and more out of babyhood, it was easy to trace a resemblance to the younger Joshua's handsome features.

"That is your nephew!" cried Sibyl. "How funny to see him like that—and what a dear little boy he was! Are his father and mother in here too?"

"Nay, I think not. My father has Elizabeth's likeness in his own room, and her husband was not a man of whom we wish to keep any remembrances. Thou hast heard of him perhaps?"

"No—only that the marriage was not—very happy." Sibyl turned over the pages hurriedly feeling that she had perhaps touched upon forbidden ground, and the next moment a sudden cry of admiration burst from her lips, as she bent her head to examine one of the pictures before her with eager interest. "Oh, this is charming—a typical Quaker maiden! Why, she is a beauty! Is it a fancy picture, Miss Worthington, or really some one you knew?"

Mary Catherine had risen and gone round to the other side of the sofa, and was now leaning over Sibyl's shoulder, her face hidden from view.

"Nay," she answered slowly, "it was no fancy picture when it was taken."

"And did you know her? She must have been very nice," declared Sibyl—"she looks so bright and happy! Is she alive now Miss Worthington?"

Mary Catherine put out one thin hand and drew the heavy book nearer to herself for a few moments, then let it fall back to its former position with a heavy sigh.

"No—she is not alive—she died many, many years ago."

"While she was quite young? Oh, poor girl, how sad!" cried Sibyl sympathetically. "And you knew her, you say. Was she a relative?"

Miss Worthington was seated in her chair again by this time, and met Sibyl's look of inquiry by a fixed stare, which both puzzled and bewildered the girl. She looked so unlike herself too—poor Mary Catherine, with that flush on her cheeks, that trembling of the lips, that half-defiant, half-pitiful expression in her eyes.

Sibyl looked at her for a moment. The next her heart beat rapidly, with a sudden inspiration.

"Oh, Miss Worthington," she exclaimed, and her eyes were full of tears—"oh, Miss Worthington, it was you!"

Mary Catherine bent her head, and a ghastly smile flitted over her pale face.

"Hast thou found it out at last? Nay, I am not offended, child. It was little wonder thou failed to recognize it."

"But, oh, Miss Worthington," protested Sibyl, the excitement and emotion of the moment bringing a quaver into her usually clear voice, "you said she was dead! How could I dream of its being you after that? Whatever made you think of saying such a thing?"

"Because it was true," said Mary Catherine bitterly. "It would not have pleased thee better if I had said that she was murdered, would it? And yet perhaps that were a truer term. Look at me, and tell me, after all if I was not right. Canst thou see anything but the ghost of yon happy smiling young creature in my features? It is strange if thou canst, for I look at her myself times and again, and strive in vain to realize that she and I were ever one. Thou hast said she was beautiful. I look at the picture and I see that thou art right, and that makes it but the more difficult to realize."

Sibyl held out her hand.

"No; you must not say that, Miss Worthington," she cried, with wistful sympathy. "No one could look at you for a moment and not see that you have been beautiful; but you have been very sad—very unhappy——"

Mary Catherine looked at Sibyl very sharply.

"Ay, thou hast heard something about it, I see. Brierley is not a place in which any one can easily keep a secret. Thou hast heard the outside version of my story. There is no reason why thou shouldst not now hear the true one, though it be but a sorry hearing. Thou asked to see the portrait of Joshua's father a moment ago, and I told thee his was not a memory we wished to recall; and indeed it is he whom we

all have to thank as the author of our troubles, though we were far from thinking so at one time. He was a Worthington too, the eldest son of the Yorkshire branch of the family; and when he came down to visit us, and proposed to marry Elizabeth, my father was more than willing to give consent. He was a Friend, thou knowest, and the head partner of the firm which his father had left in a prosperous condition. Moreover he was a well-favored man, and had a quick and clever tongue. Elizabeth loved him truly: but when they had been married a few months there was a terrible change. He was in truth a very different man from what he had represented himself to be, and by his lawless ways had already so crippled his fortunes that he was fain to seek a rich wife to retrieve his position. Elizabeth's fortune had been tightly settled on herself; but before four months were over he had sent the poor child down in the cold winter weather to beg for the money to save him from ruin which he had not the courage to ask for himself. He calculated on my father's devotion to his favorite child to help her at any cost; but he reckoned wrongly. Elizabeth was protected from want, and had always a home open to her should she need it; but my father would not give one penny piece to the man who had so basely deceived him, and who had already brought his daughter to wretchedness and despair. Things went on from bad to worse. Elizabeth never complained, but we heard of them from other sources, and when she entreated me to come and bear her company my father was thankful for me to go. I was ever of secondary importance to Elizabeth in his eyes."

Mary Catherine paused for a few moments, while the hard lines of her face relaxed from their usual rigidity.

"Then my story began. That portrait was taken just before I went on that visit. I was the happy girl thou seest in it. It was a garrison town where my sister and her husband dwelt, and it was in company with some of the officers that William had got into his difficulties.

"They were a wild unprincipled set, but he delighted in their society, and they were content to take all they could get from him, while making game of 'the Quaker' behind his back.

"I found Elizabeth but the ghost of her former self, and night after night we passed in misery while the card-playing and the drinking were going on downstairs, which was bringing ruin and wretchedness in its train. There was one of the officers who was not like the rest.

"Elizabeth and I used to talk of him together, and the same thought came to us both—that he was striving to save his companions from ruin, to hold them back from their unrighteous dealings. He was of superior rank to the rest and his word had weight, and I could often see his eyes wander from the card-table to where we sat—not daring to stir from the room—and could trace the purest compassion shining in them.

"At last we were sure that our surmises were correct, for he found an opportunity of speaking plainly to us; and henceforth we were not so wretched, for we had a friend who would come now and again to cheer us with words of hope and encouragement when we were alone.

"I had ever been taught to consider it wrong to marry outside our own community, and worst of all to wed a soldier. Nevertheless when he asked me to be his wife, I felt then, as I feel now, that it was the grandest honor of my life. I could not say nay; but without my father's consent, which I dared not let him seek while I was from from home, I would not agree to any settled engagement, and so my brief chance of happiness passed away.

"There came at last an awful night, when the play ended suddenly in threats and curses, in confusion and uproar and drunken brawling. Elizabeth was taken ill, and before the morning Joshua was born, and she was dying! Then my father came and took me home with the babe, of whom my sister's wretched husband was only too happy to be relieved. My father was broken-hearted with the blow of Elizabeth's death, and I bade Allen wait before speaking, fearing to add to his sorrow by what I knew would be but another trial.

"It was for my father's sake and his alone that we were silent; but the news of our attachment reached him from another source, and he refused to believe in my explanations.

"That I should wish to marry a man who was not only outside our community but a soldier, and one of the men who had been Elizabeth's murderers—for he would make no distinction—was nothing less than a deliberate crime in his eyes. He had no faith in the truth of my story, but accused me of falsehood and duplicity and deceit.

"Allen would have had me stand firm, and pressed me sorely; but I think my heart was numb with misery just then, the constant reproaches had worn me out, and I longed for nothing but peace. The little child too was a weighty influence; he needed me then"—poor Mary Catherine's voice quivered with unconscious pathos—"and he was all we had left of Elizabeth. I gave in at last, and sent Allen word that I could not disobey my father. He exchanged into a regiment going abroad, and six years later I received from India the news of his death. That is all!"

Sibyl drew a deep sigh of commiseration.

"Then you gave it all up, Miss Worthington—all the happiness of your life—for their sakes. Ah, that was noble of you—it was the greatest sacrifice you could possibly have made!"

Mary Catherine's face twitched painfully.

"Nay, child, thou must not say that, for it is not true," she said sadly. "It might have been noble if I had borne it in the right spirit, but I have not. A sacrifice unwillingly offered and grudgingly borne brings with it no blessing. Ah, child, people are sorely mistaken when they imagine that the wrench of a decision like that is the great trial! It is nothing—nothing to the strain of bearing the disappointment patiently afterwards. I look back now, and I see that it would almost have been better to give way to the temptation than to act as I have done—better for my father, better for Joshua, for I have been but a soured and embittered woman in their home.

"I have constantly been looking to be repaid for my sacrifice, and have been aggrieved that I have not received my due. I have grudged other people their happiness, because I had lost my own; I have been hard and rigid in my judgment of those who have been permitted to do what I was prevented from doing. And now here I am, old and lonely and unloved—so lonely that I am fain to ease my heart by speaking out even to a stranger, who may perchance only make a joke out of an old woman's confession when it it told!"

"Miss Worthington—Miss Worthington, don't say it—don't! I really can't bear it!"

Sibyl's sharp tone of self-reproach, unintelligible as it was to Mary Catherine's ears, startled her by its very intensity; the girl's face was flushed and quivering, and she was trembling with excitement.

Mary Catherine leaned forward and thrust her gently back against the cushions of the sofa.

"Nay, I did not mean it—I trust thee, child! I know well I am safe in thy hands. Come, I cannot have thee excite thyself! We shall soon have all thy progress lost at this rate. It is long indeed since any one shed a tear over my sorrows, and I thank thee for thy sympathy; but it is an old, old story, thou knowest, and was finished even before thou wast born. It is difficult to realize anything at such a distance of time—is it not?" she said, forcing a smile in her effort to control her patient's emotion, which was beginning to alarm her.

The old lady was unremitting in her care all that day, but neither then nor at any other time would she allow the conversation to approach the topic which had proved so exciting, and Sibyl's remorseful sympathy was allowed no further expression.

Her keen girlish interest in Mary Catherine's love-story too, though it by no means disappeared, was not so ever present in her mind as it might have been had not another subject come unexpectedly to the fore, for she had not been downstairs more than two or three days before a dread, similar to that which had impressed her friends, began to weigh upon her own spirits.

Of Annie's connection with the matter she, of course, knew nothing; but there was that in Joshua's behavior—in the glance of his eyes as he bent over her, in his every word and action—which could hardly be mistaken.

Her position was an awkward one. It was one thing to ignore the impertinent advances of a mere acquaintance, but it was another and very different matter to be ungracious when that acquaintance became a most considerate and attentive host.

Sibyl had to thank Joshua for many small services which went far to make up the sum of her comfort, and it was not in her nature to remain untouched by such thoughtfulness.

It was Joshua who discovered that the sofa in the library, with its narrow seat, upright back, and roller-like cushions, fatigued rather than rested, and insisted upon bringing in with his own hands the wide comfortable lounge from the smoking-room; it was he who daily laid the fragrant bouquet of flowers upon the table at her side, lowered the blinds to shut out the too glaring sunshine, and seemed to anticipate each small desire almost before she felt it.

Well, it was only for a few days, and then she would be back again with Caroline, so she must contrive to keep as much out of his way as possible.

This latent dread, which refused to be driven away, was the only drawback to the complete pleasure of her convalescence.

To lie all day long on the luxurious cushions, doing nothing and speaking but little—for she was surprised to find how weak she was, and how speedily the slightest exertion brought back the weary pain in her head—quietly observing the quaint manners and unfamiliar customs of her hosts, watching Mary Catherine as she sat sewing by her side, rousing herself to have a few minutes' chat with old Mr. Worthington morning and night, and feeling herself daily growing into the family life—all this was a very peaceful and happy experience.

Caroline Pollard had been accurate in her description of the old gentleman's position with regard to this new acquisition to his household.

The stern sober-minded old Friend had, in spite of his rigorous principles, which bound him down to everything that was plainest and simplest, a passionate love for the beautiful in every shape and form, and nobody guessed perhaps how largely he was influenced by externals, or how much his grandson's good looks had to do with his strong partiality for him.

This lovely fragile creature, in her dainty ribbons and laces, smiling winsomely into his face, and showing not the slightest sign of perturbation at his presence, at once mystified and fascinated him; he began to look forward to the next time when he should see her, and to feel that the dark old rooms would look very dull and empty when her bright presence was removed; while Sibyl, in her turn, had a feeling of reverence for the venerable-looking man who laid his hand upon her head at the close of each day as she bade him good night, and blessed her in true patriarchal fashion.

She felt less wonder now at Mary Catherine's devotion, which had made her give up her lover and all the sweet hopes of early life at her father's command.

Carrie had been wrong however in implying that old Joshua's behavior to his daughter was not what it should be, for, if he was not as loving to her as to his grandson, he always treated her with most marked deference and consideration.

One night however the whole aspect of affairs changed suddenly. Sibyl never forgot that evening.

It was some little time after old Mr. Worthington's usual hour of returning home, and the trio in the library were actually engaged in discussing what could have detained him, when the door was thrown open, and he stood confronting them; but the exclamations of relief died away on their lips as they looked, for it seemed as if ten years had passed over his head since the morning, so drawn and wan and haggard was his face; yet the eyes beneath the bushy overhanging brows had an expression that betokened anger rather than grief.

There was a moment of absolute silence; then Mary Catherine advanced quite hastily.

"Father, thou art ill—something serious has happened! Come in and sit down, and ——"

She raised her hand to lay it upon his arm, when, with a bitter exclamation of anger, he struck it down, thrust her aside, and quickly entered the room alone.

How the blood rushed to Sibyl's heart, how her hands trembled as she lay a helpless unwilling spectator of this painful scene!

She could not tell which was the most terrible to witness—the old man's rage, Mary Catherine's horror and amazement, or Joshua's eager excitement.

Nobody spoke, and the labored ticking of the old clock on the chimney-piece was the only sound which broke the stillness.

The tension was growing almost unbearable when, at the end of about ten minutes, Mr. Worthington rose slowly and painfully from the chair in which he had seated himself, and crossed the room towards the doorway.

Mary Catherine, still white and trembling, went resolutely up to his side.

"Father, thou art not going upstairs without having anything to eat? Thou wilt at least let me give thee some food?"

He waved his hand impatiently, then suddenly turned round and faced her, his eyes still gleaming; but there was a tremor of pain in his voice.

"Nay, nay—I will not trouble thee! I am an old man; I shall not be in thy way long, thou knowest, and while I am I will not trouble thee. The boy will do all that I need. Give me thy arm, Joshua; I will go to my bed."

Mary Catherine turned without a word and went back to her seat, while Joshua, looking, to do him justice, thoroughly shocked, gave the old man his arm, as desired, and they slowly left the room.

"Oh, Miss Worthington!" Sibyl was beginning earnestly; but the sight of Mary Catherine's face, with its silent agony of suffering, checked the words on her lips; the old woman's quiet tearless misery, so unlike her own impetuous sorrow, terrified the girl; she felt at once that this was a grief too deep for any words of hers to reach.

Nevertheless when, a moment or two later, Mary Catherine felt a soft warm cheek pressed against her own, and a silent embrace of loving arms, it did do something to soften the almost intolerable pain.

No words were exchanged that night, and Sibyl, as far as her aching head would allow her to think, comforted herself with the reflection that perhaps the old man's extraordinary conduct was due only to a fit of ill-temper.

Men did come in from town ruffled and unreasonable now and then; a good night's rest and a little quiet reflection would probably set things right again.

The next morning however things looked worse instead of better.

Mr. Worthington sent downstairs for Joshua, and through him ordered his breakfast to be served in his own room: and when he came downstairs he took no notice of his daughter, but stood gazing down at Sibyl in gloomy silence.

She was sitting up to-day, fully dressed, and anxious to throw aside the troublesome role of invalid as much as possible in the present painful state of affairs.

"Child," said old Joshua solemnly—"child, thou hast a father living?"

Sibyl inclined her head in assent.

"And he is good to thee—he loves thee?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Be dutiful to him then. 'Honor the father.' Heaven's wrath is kindled against the deceitful and ungrateful child. Do not break thy father's heart; the happiness is dear indeed that is purchased at such a cost. Thou wilt find many lovers, but thou canst never another father."

"Miss Worthington," Sibyl cried desperately, the moment the door closed behind the old man's receding figure, looking up with earnest appeal into the pale rigid face—"Miss Worthington, this is dreadful! Is there nothing I can do—nothing in the world that I can do to help you?"

"Yes, child, there is. I should like thee to stay on a day or two longer with me, if thou wilt, instead of returning to-morrow. I am sad at heart and dread being—" her lips quivered—"alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAUGHT BY A LUMP OF SUGAR.—A gentleman from Aspinwall tells the following curious story of the manner in which the natives of the interior of the Isthmus of Panama capture monkeys. Almost all the pet monkeys in the United States come from Gorgona, a small village half-way on the line of the Panama Railroad.

The inhabitants are mostly native negroes, for no white man could live in the village a month unless he drank whiskey and took quinine constantly. The surrounding country is swampy and covered with a dense mass of luxuriant vegetation.

At nightfall a thick miasma rises from the ground and hangs over the forests like a cloud. This place is the monkeys' paradise.

They travel through the forests in troops, going wherever the king-monkey leads. When the natives have been apprised of the presence of a troop, they go about warily to capture them.

Their plan is a simple one. A hole is cut in the shell of a cocoa-nut large enough to admit a monkey's paw. The cocoa-nut is scooped out and a lump of sugar placed in the hollow.

A string is then attached to the novel trap, and the negroes conceal themselves until the monkeys pass by. Curiosity is one of the chief characteristics of these little creatures, and, when they espy the cocoa-nut lying upon the ground, they come down from the trees and proceed to inspect it carefully.

The lump of sugar does not long escape their notice, and one of them thrusts a paw through the aperture to grab it. With the lump of sugar clasped in his hand, he finds it impossible to withdraw it; nor will his greedy nature allow him to abandon his prize.

The negroes have no difficulty in drawing him nearer to their ambush, the whole troop scampering madly about him, chattering and gesticulating as only monkeys can.

When they have arrived within easy reach, a large net is thrown out and they are made prisoners. Twenty and thirty are frequently captured at one haul. The natives sell them to the employes of the Panama Railroad, who in turn dispose of them in the American market.

WHEN THEY WERE WRITTEN.—Byron began "Childe Harold" when he was 20.

Le Sage composed his "Gil Blas" at the age of 42.

Dante was 50 when he completed the "Commedia."

Wordsworth was 44 when he wrote "The Excursion."

Dr. Johnson commenced his dictionary at the age of 30.

Goethe wrote his "Sorrows of Werther" when he was 23.

Keats wrote "Endymion" at 22; "The Eve of St. Agnes," 24.

Addison was 39 when he commenced his "Spectator Essays."

Carlyle wrote "Sartor Resartus" at 39; "The French Revolution," 42.

Swift wrote his "Battle of the Books" at 30; "Gulliver's Travels," 59.

Sterne wrote "Tristram Shandy" at 46; "The Sentimental Journey," 55.

Macaulay wrote "Ivry" at 25; "Essays," 40 to 42; "History of England," 48.

De Quincey was 35 when he wrote "The Confessions of an Opium Eater."

Milton wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," at 27; "Paradise Lost," 57.

Gray wrote the "Ode to Adversity" at 36; "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," 43.

Manzoni, Italy's greatest novel writer, wrote "The Betrothed" when he was 43.

Schiller was 19 when he wrote "The Robbers," and 26 when he composed "Don Carlos."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote "The Rivals" at 23; "The Duenna," 25; "School for Scandal," 29.

DISCARDED THE CHECK REIN.—A correspondent writes to a Boston paper: This morning I passed a horse jogging along comfortably with over-head check rein hanging loose. I was so completely surprised, and as I might say grateful to the driver, that I rushed up and shook hands with him. "But I don't know you," he exclaimed. "Never mind, you have slacked up that rein," I replied, "and I want to thank you." "Well, you can bet your bottom dollar it goes off when I get home. I never thought about it before until I read in the paper how cruel it was, and off it goes." I cannot describe the expression on his face, only that there was a look of joy and relief, as if he had been accustomed to the strap himself and it had been suddenly removed.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress. The more we read and study the more we think; and as thought engenders thought, so will one idea lead to another.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine;
Through peace to light.

A Haven of Gold.

BY FRANCES SELOUS.

CHAPTER II.

As of late years charity has proved a very convenient social stepping-stone, Lady Charlotte suggested to Mr. Potts that charity should be made the object of the performance.

A ritualistic vicar of a neighboring parish was soon found and easily persuaded that the cause of Ritualism required that in his little tumble-down and moss-grown church, with its ancient square tower lop-sided and sinking sideways into the soil, the mouldering horse-box pews should be replaced by open Gothic benches, that the damp and woolly-toned harmonium should retire in favor of an organ.

In fact, that the whole of the interior of the parish church of Sleepston, which had begun life as a Catholic chapel, which had been whitewashed under Cromwell, and generally uglified by succeeding generations of vicars, should now be beautified and transformed into a temple of Ritualism.

There was to be no vulgar parade, no one was to canvass the charity.

A short paragraph in one of the best papers only would make it known that there was to be an open-air performance for the purpose of raising money for a local charity, that fauteuils would be fifteen dollars, that a family ticket to admit three would be twenty-five, that a special train would leave Paddington, and that two or three dozen of the more distinguished spectators would be entertained at luncheon by the master of Reminshall Abbey.

Lady Charlotte had the disposal of the tickets, and within a few days of the announcement of the performance the greater number of seats had been taken.

A play of the Elizabethan era was unearthed and clothed in chaste modern garb by a penniless and aristocratic younger son, who affected long hair, weird garments and a literary turn of mind, and made a little money and a great repute in his own family by contributing paragraphs to weekly papers, and who annually wrote a very weak and mystic novel, devoured by a class of readers with an appetite for anything written by an honorable, baronet, or lady of title.

At the last rehearsals the play went very smoothly, inasmuch as all the actors knew their parts.

When the last rehearsal was over Lady Charlotte left the dramatis personæ with a weary sigh.

She walked rapidly through the hall, and seeing all of the rooms occupied, fled to a small room of studious aspect, fitted up with a collection of such solid and classic literature as made Mr. Potts shudder.

This, of a more private nature than the rest of the sitting-rooms, had been placed exclusively at Lady Charlotte's disposal as the most distinguished guest.

Mr. Potts rejoiced in a pair of pistols manufactured with all the latest improvements in deadliness.

These were kept on his library table in a case, which in itself was a thing of great beauty.

Lady Charlotte sat down near the table, and drew the case towards her.

She thought of her difficulties, of her endless struggles with insolvency and of the taste for luxury, which she felt to be her ruling passion, and for the things which only wealth can purchase, and without which she felt that for her life would always be unendurable, and she opened the inlaid case and took out one of the glittering weapons.

"Perhaps, after all, this would be the most honorable finale; but I haven't the courage, I am too great a coward."

Lady Charlotte put back the pistol and pushed the case away.

"No, I have not sufficient courage to do it."

And then came the voice of the tempter, suggesting a temporary escape from her difficulties.

The money for the charity; there it was in her jewel-case.

The entertainment was in her patronage, and all the takings had been paid over to her.

There was $600 in notes and gold in her room; easy to appropriate this, and tell the astute Mr. Potts that the cost of the production had swamped the takings.

In the triumph of success he would be only too glad to give a check to the vicar, and would say no more about it. But then he might divine the truth.

Expectation was on tiptoe on the morrow.

All the dramatis personæ were people of more or less renown, demi-celebrities, quasi literary men, pretty wives of celebrated artists, etc., etc.

And all were anxious to distinguish themselves before an audience that had paid so much for their seats that they meant to be critical.

Early in the morning Lady Charlotte's dresses arrived from Messrs. Crump and Crushit, and her maid came to inform her that there was a gentleman from Messrs. Crump's, who said that his orders were that he was to see Lady Charlotte before he left.

After a lengthy parley with the Bond Street tailors' minion, who refused to leave the house unpaid, Lady Charlotte was fain to do that from the thought of which she had shrunk yesterday.

She took $350 from the charity money, and paid and dismissed the tailor.

Armed with the stamped receipt she returned to the sunny sitting-room adjoining her bedroom.

Through the window she could see the preparations in progress for the play. It was a sunny, cloudless day in July.

All nature looked glad, presently Lady Charlotte must be looking glad and happy.

"What fools we women of fashion are! Why can't I live on a few hundreds a year and be happy? But I can't, I can't. I should literally pine anywhere except in a house in Mayfair during the season. I don't set such store as many ladies do on dress, but I never could be happy in a dress made by a second-rate tailor. I despise myself for accepting hospitality from this vulgar American, but my own folly, my experience, has made it necessary. I wonder if there are any people coming to see this play who feel as wretched as I do."

Lady Charlotte went into her dressing-room and looked searchingly at her reflection in the glass; she wondered if in unguarded moments she ever looked as wretched as she felt.

She smiled at the reflection and moved her lips in a polite murmur:

"Yes, I can still look happy though I can't feel it. And that money I have taken to pay that wretched tailor! I suppose I must sell the few remaining diamonds that I possess and refund it. Every one will know how miserably poor I am then. It will be dreadful to wear no rings except a wedding ring and a guard like a lodging-house keeper.

In the midst of her reflections the smart and tight-waisted young person who waited on her knocked at the door.

"I won't dress now, Howden, I shan't come down to breakfast," Lady Charlotte said, as the maid entered. "Bring me a cup of tea, and you can say I am studying my part."

She would certainly need all her energy to play her social part from luncheon to midnight, as well as the dramatic role, so Lady Charlotte had resolved to husband her powers.

"I beg your pardon, your ladyship, but there's another young man downstairs says he must see you, and, if you please, here is his card."

The maid gave her a thin, badly-printed card, suggesting the Crystal Palace or Brighton Pier advertisements of "Ladies' and gents.' visiting cards, 50 while you wait, one shilling."

Lady Charlotte read:

"Mr. Isaac Hart,"

and under the name was written in pencil,

"From Mr. Abraham Levi."

"Tell him I am engaged and cannot see him, but will write and make an appointment."

"He says he won't stir until he's seen your ladyship."

"You can show him into the study, I will see him there."

Lady Charlotte tied the ribbons of her embroidered morning-gown angrily.

"These people will drive me mad," she muttered, "and it is my own doing. That is the dreadful part of it."

Lady Charlotte Craddock looked very firm and resolute as she opened the door of the study.

Mr. Isaac Hart stood by the window; a remarkably curly-brimmed hat perched sideways on his oily, raven ringlets; a large diamond ring garnished the little finger of a hand not conspicuous for cleanliness; the brilliant pink scarf round his throat was fastened through a large jeweled brooch in front—the tout ensemble indeed was not engaging.

He turned round without taking off his hat, and with insolent familiarity greeted Lady Charlotte.

"Good-morning, Lady Charlotte. Fine grounds, these of Potts."

"I have no time to waste, Mr.——"

Lady Charlotte read the name on the card before throwing it into a waste-paper basket:

"Hart; please give me any message your employer may have intrusted to you."

"My employer, as you call him, gave me this little bill, which fell due the day before yesterday, and as your ladyship did not condescend to answer his little note, or to let my employer know when was you going to pay him the monthly instalment as is due, why I've come on my employer's behalf to collect that sum."

"You may tell Mr. Levi that I am quite unable to pay at present, he must wait if he ever hopes to receive payment in full. He can make me bankrupt if he likes, and then he will get nothing; but as the interest he charges is rather more usurious than even the worst of his tribe's, I don't suppose he will care to see the exact amount in print. I am sorry I cannot pay this month, but it will be more to Mr. Levi's interest to leave me in peace."

"Mr. Levi can judge for himself what is to his own interest, and he says he must have the money as is owing to him. So if your ladyship really don't want to waste time, you had better just hand over the money and take this here stamped acknowledgment."

Lady Charlotte had taken a seat near the table, and, as yesterday, had drawn the ornamental inlaid pistol case towards her.

She took out one of the weapons gingerly and carefully, as one unacquainted with the mysterious ways of firearms; she sat for a few moments with the pistol in her hand, the muzzle towards herself, and looked at it absently without speaking.

The Israelite soon showed signs of impatience.

"I think as you said you don't want to waste no time, Lady Charlotte. I don't neither. Are you going to give me that money?"

"No; it is not in my power to do so. You may tell Mr. Levi that when I can pay it I will."

"But Mr. Levi told me to stay here until you did pay."

"Your staying here would do no good to Mr. Levi. If he will accept payment when convenient, all well and good; if not, the Bankruptcy Court is open to me. Your remaining here is an impertinence which will do Mr. Levi no good, and if I complain to Mr. Potts of your intrusion his servants will turn you out. You will be so good, therefore, as to leave the house at once."

"I don't leave the house without the money. Your ladyship must have lots of swell friends here who would lend you the money. Surely you know of some one who would settle this little business for you."

"I know of no one," said Lady Charlotte with a weary air.

She looked at the pistol turned towards her breast.

Perhaps it was loaded! Surely if it were it would be better just to raise it to her temples and with one little jerk end this miserable sordid struggle, this endless vexation about money, money, money! She hated the word.

If only she had been rich in her own right!

She had never been wicked or done anything really wrong, and yet life was rapidly becoming living torture, and all because of the miserable lack of money.

Ah! what had she done that she should be made so miserable?

"I think your ladyship must know a friend who could help you in this little difficulty," the oily, nasal accents of the Israelite broke in upon Lady Charlotte's meditations. "I have heard it said that it's well beknown who really is the boss of Reminshall Abbey. Don't you think as Mr. Potts would settle this little matter? I have heard it said as there's more than friendship betwixt——"

There was something so revoltingly insolent in the man's look and manner, that his meaning flashed across Lady Charlotte's mind long ere the effect of his mere words would have done.

Her face, which had been pale before, grew paler, she leapt out of her seat, pointed the revolver full at the man, and before she could fully realize the situation, she felt her hand violently jerked upwards, there was a flash, smoke, a report, and a dull thud as Mr. Isaac Hart fell to the ground.

Only for a moment did Lady Charlotte lose her presence of mind.

The pistol dropped from her hand, she felt sick and giddy, but a gentle gust of summer air blowing in through the lace curtains revived her.

She looked down at the man lying on the floor face upwards.

"Good gracious! I have committed murder!" she cried, and rushed to the door and locked it.

Then she knelt beside the man and fanned him with some papers from the table, but there was no sign of life.

Looking round, she caught sight of some roses in a valuable crackle jar on the mantelshelf; she threw the roses out and poured some water over the forehead and behind the ears, as she remembered people had done to her when she fainted.

Presently the man stirred ever so slightly and opened his eyes.

"Thank Heaven!" she thought, "he is alive at least. If he dies I have committed murder, but there shall be as little scandal as possible."

Lady Charlotte unlocked the door locked it again on the outside, and ran until she reached the hall.

There she met a footman carrying a breakfast-tray.

"Where is your master?" she said, endeavoring to conceal her agitation, though she feared the loud beating of her heart must betray her.

"He is in his room, my lady."

"Then show me the way to his room at once. Put your tray down anywhere. I must go to him at once."

The footman stared at Lady Charlotte in speechless surprise.

"My master never sees any one except his secretary before he comes down to breakfast, my lady."

"Never mind, I must see him at once."

Lady Charlotte could with difficulty preserve her composure. That man in the study might be dying while she was parleying with the footman.

She took a slender gold bracelet from her wrist.

"There, you may have that to give to your young woman; and now show me the way at once. I am in a great hurry."

The man put down his tray and bounded upstairs.

Lady Charlotte ran after him. The footman stopped and pointed to a door hung with heavy folds of drapery.

"That is the sitting-room Mr. Potts uses, and his dressing-room opens out of it. He may be in either."

Lady Charlotte drew aside the curtain, knocked at the door, and, hardly waiting for an answer, went in.

"Heavy hogs lively, lard brisk and energetic in sympathy with hogs. Light hogs flexible and subject to reaction."

Mr. Potts was dictating a letter to his secretary when Lady Charlotte broke in.

"Dear Mr. Potts, I must speak to you alone for one moment. Please send this gentleman away."

"Stimpson, just you wait for me in my dressing-room for a few minutes. And now what can I do for your ladyship? I calculate you're the boss of me and this establishment, so just give me your orders."

At the word "boss" Lady Charlotte shuddered.

That dreadful man downstairs, lying dead perhaps, had said the same thing. Decidedly she had been imprudent, and allowed misconceptions to arise.

Once this business set to rights, she would drop this Yankee. People must not begin to talk about her.

Lady Charlotte explained the situation truthfully.

She reflected that if the man downstairs should die, and she, an earl's daughter, were to be accused of murder, it would matter little who knew what she had done.

There would be but one course open to her, and that the course she had shrunk from taking yesterday as a means of escape from worry.

Lady Charlotte wanted Mr. Potts to send for a doctor and to have the wounded man tended, and to keep the rest of the house in ignorance of the occurrence.

She would play her part in the piece as though nothing had happened; no one would be able to guess from her appearance that anything unusual had taken place.

"And when the play is over I calculate you'll be wanting to make tracks?" said Mr. Potts coolly.

"On the contrary, if the injury should prove fatal, I will swear not to leave the house."

Mr. Potts sat silent and horrified, but only for a few moments.

"I back on," he said at last. "If the worst comes to the worst, I'll stand your friend. Stimpson shall help me carry the man here; we'll do it between us. I'll send a two-wheel cart for the doctor; everything shall be done for this man, and I guess that smart young woman as fixes you up had better turn nurse and do the nursing. That will keep it private. You go to your room, and the less you appear to suspect a mystery, the better it will be for all jokers."

Even in her gratitude at the wealthy American's sympathy, Lady Charlotte shuddered at his vernacular.

She went to her room and sat down, feeling sick with fear and horror.

Had she committed a murder? How could she allow herself to be provoked to such an extent by a low-minded, money-lending Jew?

What next misfortune could overwhelm her? She had lately considered herself specially marked by Destiny to be annoyed.

For a long time she sat in deep but distracted thought. She felt sometimes as though her brain would burst.

A dozen times she got up and rushed to the door to do she knew not what. Once she opened the window wide and looked down at the marble terrace below.

"It must be quite thirty feet," she thought, "and instant death, but how dreadful! No, I have not the courage for it that way."

A housemaid knocked at the door.

"Oh, if you please, your ladyship, Mr. Potts says can I help you dress. Miss Howden, he says, is a-nursing Mr. Sampson, as has been taken ill in master's room."

Lady Charlotte looked at her watch.

"Quarter to twelve, and the play commences at three, and I suppose the people come about one. Yes, I suppose I had better dress now. That will be better than doing nothing and thinking and until I must go mad."

Her toilette concluded, Lady Charlotte sat opposite her glass in doubt and hesitation.

She looked at her reflection—a graceful figure in soft white silk—but a ghastly pallor, which seemed to be accentuated by those white draperies, frightened her.

"I look as though I had committed a murder," she thought. "People would guess as much from my appearance."

There was ever present to her mind a series of pictures, beginning with a trial for murder in which she would be designated by the council for the prosecution as the woman Craddock, and culminating in a gibbet and an audience of pressmen at that final scene.

Lady Charlotte sat till nearly one, when a maid-servant brought her a note from the master of the house.

It was in the secretary's handwriting,

neither addressed nor signed.

"That is kind," thought Lady Charlotte bitterly; "Mr. Potts does not want to create incriminating evidence."

"The groom who went for the doctor did not find him at home, he had to drive on to Maidenhead to find another, so there has been delay in getting assistance. Mr. Hart has been conscious some time and has taken brandy which we poured down his throat. I will let you know in the course of the afternoon how matters progress. It will be better if you are everywhere in the grounds during the afternoon and evening. Your maid tells me that no one heard the report of the pistol except herself; the heavy portieres must have deadened the sound."

With a little rouge Lady Charlotte concealed the deadly pallor, which she felt must otherwise attract universal attention.

She asked the same maid-servant who had brought her the note to bring her some brandy, and, after swallowing what seemed to be an enormous quantity, she summoned up all her courage to leave her room and join the crowd downstairs.

Everything had been so well prepared beforehand that nothing was left to be arranged on the last day.

A blazing July sun poured down on the grounds of Reminshall Abbey, and the little glen arranged for the performance was the only shady nook within the cultivated part of the grounds immediately surrounding the house.

Towards three the carriages belonging to that part of the audience who had paid for their seats began to arrive.

Rich city men with their wives and daughters in ultra fashionable bonnets and dresses, wives of doctors who had already reached that high footing on the medical ladder exemplified by residence in Harley Street, but not that proud eminence which means appearing in print amongst the favored few who sign the daily bulletins of the illnesses of great ones; wives of barristers and many others who liked to see a dull play without the faintest spark of interest poorly performed by an absolutely inefficient though eminently aristocratic caste.

These gathered in great force. They peered into everything; anxious to discover how the new millionaire did things.

The daughters took mental notes of the housemaids' and ladies' maids' caps and aprons, and secretly resolved to confection caps and aprons identically the same for their own handmaidens for "Ma's next party."

The men thought the ribbon-bordering poor and not equal to that in their own gardens at Norwood and Sydenham.

The matrons, in the main, employed themselves in speculating as to how much the whole thing had cost to get up, and many came to the conclusion that the teas and refreshments alone, which were gratis, must have swamped the takings, so of course the charity must go to the wall. That really was of no consequence.

Nobody even knew where the church was, or cared, except a few local magnates, and they were bidden to the feast and performance free of expense.

The exhumed pastoral Elizabethan drama in its new dress progressed very rapidly.

The amateur artistes had not acquired the art of ladling out the sentences slowly as though they were loath to part with a line of their parts after the fashion of the modern psychological dramatic school; and, either from a nervous longing to get to the end and hide themselves, or from a desire to say it all before they forgot it, the piece played very rapidly.

Lady Charlotte got through her part not brilliantly, but no worse than the rest, though she felt that a lifetime's agony was compressed into the three hours occupied by the play and entr'actes.

Towards the end of the last act, when she had grown accustomed to the appearance of the audience and had the hardihood to look it in the face and recognize individuals, her eyes suddenly fell upon the owner of Reminshall Abbey.

He was sitting on a seat at the end of the front row, the end nearest the Abbey.

The hero of the play was indulging in a long meandering soliloquy during which at rehearsals Lady Charlotte had been coached to occupy herself with elaborate stage business, but had forgotten all her coaching.

She felt her eyes fixed on Mr. Potts. A servant in gorgeous livery, with much mysterious and apparently meaningless gold ornamentation dropping from one shoulder, came rapidly towards his master.

The servant bent down with that remarkable air of blended mystery and respect peculiar to the well-mannered footman and murmured what seemed to Lady Charlotte a long communication.

Mr. Potts looked serious and said a few words to the servant, and stood up and moved a few steps in the direction of the house.

Lady Charlotte felt her heart beating furiously.

She thought she could divine what the message was.

Mr. Potts was wanted in the house, the man was worse, dying perhaps, and the police had come to take his depositions.

For a few moments there was silence on the stage—that dreadful stage-wait of private theatricals when all the actors with the exception of the unconscious offender look the picture of silent misery. Lady Charlotte was the offender.

She stood with her cheeks ghastly beneath the rouge, her eyes fixed upon Mr. Potts and the servant.

"I knew it. He is dead—I have murdered him," she cried in a hoarse, awful voice, and fell prone on the stage.

The play, owing in the first place to its exceeding dulness and in the second to its very weak representation, had from the beginning been incomprehensible, so most of the audience applauded to the echo, under the impression that this was the first fine piece of acting in the play.

The other actors, better informed, rushed forward and raised the still form, some ran and fetched iced water with which to bathe the temples.

Mr. Potts jumped on the stage, and helped one of the actors to carry Lady Charlotte to the house.

Once on the sofa, being fanned by the attentive American, she soon revived and opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she murmured. "Is it prison?"

"No, Lady Charlotte, you are not in prison, nor you ain't going to be, after the message I sent you just before the piece began."

"What message? I go no message."

"Didn't that blamed flunkey tell you? I'll give him an eye-opener when next I cross my gentleman. Well, I guess you have got the bulge of that Jew fellow, Lady Charlotte. Why, one of my fellows found a bullet in my saddle-bag arm-chair, and he brought it to me in a fright. Ah, says I, Lady Charlotte must have meant to polish him off, for she's let off two charges. However, I got the idea as I might as well look at the revolver; so I took it and let it off in a haystack for safety. Five good charges in it. Do you hook on? Well, in I ran, told Mr. Stimpson, and we set to pouring brandy down the Hebrew gentleman's throat.

"He had swooned with fright, and when the doctor came he said as how he would suffer from the shock maybe for a few days, but he'd be all right after. Well, then I turned to and blackguarded him for coming here insulting my guests, and soon he let on all he knew about your dealings with Mr. Abraham Levi. Well, I've settled that account, and I've given Mr. Hart a check for fifty to get back his pluck with, and he's given me a stamped agreement never to trouble either you or me again."

It was some time before Lady Charlotte could fully realize the true state of affairs.

For so many dreadful hours, that seemed like centuries, she had looked upon herself as the prisoner in the dock on trial for murder.

Was her hair white? She had heard of hair turning white in a single night from terror.

Surely the torture she had endured while acting in that dreadful play must have bleached her hair.

Lady Charlotte's hair had not lost its rich color, nor her reason its sway. Urged by Mr. Potts to confess her motive for dealing with gentlemen of the Abraham Levi type, she admitted that she was on the verge of distraction and that she owed thousands and hadn't a hundred clear in the whole world.

"I suppose you would think it sorter a drop in life to marry me, and have your debts cleared and paid off down to a farthing, and have an allowance of six hundred a year to dress on; always supposing as you will stake your honor not to run into debt again, or deal with Abraham Levis."

There was plenty of gossip for the first few weeks at Trouville; and for the very earliest of the grouse shooting the Potts marriage filled every mouth that had any right to consider itself in or near society.

Lady Charlotte Craddock had married the great American pork dealer. The trousseau had been a nine days' wonder.

Crump and Crushit ground their teeth when they heard of the afternoon tea offered by Messrs. Fitt and Squeeze, of Audley Street, to the chief of their customers, who were invited to view the chef d'œuvres of the trousseau of the season.

Mr. Potts was only once heard to say, in strictest confidence, that of all his British purchases, he was bound to state that his British wife had nighest broke him, but that he was that set on her, he would have risked his bottom dollar to secure her.

[THE END.]

HAVING THE EVIL EYE.—In Carniola, if you tell a mother that her baby is strong and large for its age, a farmer that his crops are looking well or a coachman that his team is good, all three will spit at your feet to avert the omen and, if you understand the custom, you will do the same as an act of politeness.

A parson who wandered through Upper Carniola and praised everything he saw would soon come to be considered the most malevolent of men. In Naples exactly the same feeling exists. The terms of endearment which mothers of the lower class use to their children and the pet names they call them by are often so indecent that it would be impossible to reproduce them in English and always so contemptuous that they would be offensive in any other relation.

The well-known habit of Neapolitans to offer a guest anything that he may praise has probably the same origin. It is, of course, now to a very large extent only a form of courtesy; but even now another feeling lurks behind, at least in a good many cases.

Your host has been delighted by your admiration of his possessions; he would have been disappointed if it had not been so warmly expressed as it was; but still he is a little afraid of the ill luck the kind things you have said may bring. By offering the objects you have liked best to you, and receiving your certain refusal to accept them, he puts them in a bad light, and thus counteracts the evil effects of your praise. He says to fate: You see their value is not great after all.

This superstition, however, is by no means confined to Naples or Italy; it is said to be common in China and Japan, and among negroes and red Indians. Even in England it is not unknown.

In fact in all countries, when visiting a sick acquaintance, it is better to say: "I am glad to hear you are a little better to day" than "I am glad to see you looking so much better."

Nor is the belief by any means confined to the lower classes. A person who is highly educated, very intelligent and by no means prejudiced in religious matters, was once asked whether the words acted as an evil charm or whether they merely foretold evil. The reply was:

"I don't know; but I do know from experience that whenever anybody tells me I am looking well I fall ill within three days; and the more intimate I am with the person that says it the worse the illness is."

There may be a connection between this superstition and that of the evil eye—we are inclined to think there is—but they must not be confounded, as one is often found in districts where the other is unknown.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE APACHE INDIANS.—The Apache brave, when he goes courting, makes no effort to become agreeable to his intended bride—indeed he rarely notices or speaks to her, except to answer some question of hers.

He pays the most assiduous attention to her male relatives, particularly her big lazy brothers. At night he goes to her father's lodge and distributes the presents about.

If a pony, he is picketed close by; if it is a cow, a horn is tied to the lodge, which shows his intention. The bridegroom comes sneaking round in the morning to see the result of his proposal.

If the articles have been taken inside, the horse removed, etc., he is all right; whereupon the bride goes and builds a new lodge, or tepee, for herself, and puts things in order generally for the buck she calls master.

If the trinkets are not touched, the proposal is not accepted, and the suitor carries them away again. Among these Indians they have very curious notions regarding mothers-in-law.

A traveler in an Apache village was very much surprised to see an old woman and a young man, who had suddenly come together face to face, turn about quickly and run in opposite directions. This little excitement was caused by the fact that it is considered very wrong for a brave to look at his mother-in-law's face, and still more so to speak to her.

HOW A MEDIÆVAL MONARCH WENT TO BED.—First, a page took a torch and went to the wardrobe where the bedding was kept. The articles were brought out by the keeper to four yeomen, who made the bed, while the page held the torch at the foot.

One of the yeomen searched the straw with his dagger, and when he found there was no evil thing hidden there he laid a bed of down on the straw and threw himself upon it.

Then the bed of down was well beaten and a bolster laid in its proper place. Then the sheets were spread in due order, and over these was laid a fustian. Then came a "pane sheet," which we now call a counterpane.

Finally the sheets were turned down and some pillows laid on the bolster, after which the yeomen made a cross and kissed the bed where their hands were. And then an angel carved in wood was placed beside the bed and the curtains let down. After this a gentleman usher brought the king's sword and placed it at the bed's head, and the whole was then delivered into the custody of a groom or page, who watched it with a light burning until the king retired to rest.

CLERICAL ERRORS.—A Washington correspondent has the following regarding errors made by enrolling clerks at Washington. Some of the rolls received at the State Department are disfigured by erasures, interlineations, and blots, by errors in orthography, capitalization and punctuation, and by hieroglyphic mangling, that suggest the "masterpieces" of school boy art.

These and more serious imperfections, once placed upon the parchment roll, are law. However glaring the blunder, however mischievous the distortion or omission, the department is powerless to add a correction, dot or stroke.

Mistakes made by Congressional enrolling clerks have undone legislation accomplished by Congress after hours of debate. An item of half a million dollars for public purposes was badly left out in the enrollment of a recent appropriation act, and putting a comma for a hyphen in transcribing a tariff measure some years ago caused a loss to the Government of thousands of dollars before the error was detected and further loss arrested by the passage of another act.

Scientific and Useful.

BELTS.—Leather belts run with the grain side to the pulley will drive 30 per cent. more than if run with flesh side.

ARDERRITE.—This is a new invisible lacquer recently introduced into London. It is so strong as to withstand weather, steam, smoke, sea-air or sea-water; and gold, silver, copper, steel, brass or iron does not tarnish when coated with it. As it is so fine as to be unseen on the most delicate instruments, the new lacquer has an extensive field of application.

MANGE.—Mange is a parasitic disease and is cured by insecticidal applications. Many formulæ have been tried. One runs thus: Flowers of sulphur sixteen parts, whale-oil sixteen parts, mercurial ointment one part, oil of tar one part. The disease is recognized by loss of hair, irritation, and desire to scratch. If not perfectly eradicated, it will reappear on cessation of treatment.

TARGETS.—There is a shooting gallery at the Paris Exhibition where, in a painted jungle, painted hares, rabbits and other game (even including foxes!) run about for the amusement of the sportsman. The other day a gentleman, who had a dog with him, took a shot and rolled over a rabbit. At once the dog jumped the barrier and leaped into the jungle to retrieve the painted bunny.

LABELS.—In some of the large European botanical gardens—as, for example, the university garden in Berlin, and the one in Heidelberg—the labels used for the trees are of zinc, with the name stamped in intaglio and then defined with oil paint. These labels are much cheaper than the porcelain ones more commonly seen, and are equally durable, needing no care but the renewal, at long intervals, of the paint; and an additional advantage is found in the fact that they can be made on the spot by unskilled workmen.

GAS-CARRIAGE.—A Munich firm has made a carriage propelled by gas, which it generates from benzine or analogous material. The motor, which is not visible from the outside, is placed in the rear of the three-wheeled carriage over the main axle, and the benzine used in its propulsion is carried in a closed copper receptacle secured under the seat, from which it passes drop by drop to the generator. The gas mixture is ignited in a closed cylinder by means of an electric spark. After regulating the admission of the gas the motor can be started by simply turning a hand lever. Power is applied by the medium of a link chain bolted to a toothed wheel on the rear axle. The speed of the motor can be increased or diminished by turning the lever backward or forward, and it can be stopped by pulling on the lever. It can attain a speed of about ten miles an hour, but in crowded streets it can be made to move as slowly as an ordinary vehicle. A quart of benzine is said to be sufficient for an hour's trip.

Farm and Garden.

FENCES.—In order to reduce the cost of farm fences to the minimum, put up only such as are necessary for practical purposes.

BEDDING.—Keep a horse's bedding dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing in hot fermenting manure causes thrush.

TO TEST THE QUALITY OF A PEAR.—Write a name with pen and ink upon the dry skin of the fruit. If the ink is quickly absorbed, leaving clear, sharp lines, the quality of the fruit is good. If the skin does not absorb the ink quickly, and the lines are blotted, the quality is inferior.

FLOWERS.—The cultivators of flowers in rooms should understand the necessity of sunlight to plants that are to flower, and endeavor to get them as close as possible to a window having an eastern or southern aspect. The higher the temperature, the more plants suffer from the want of light.

ADULTERATION.—Old and dead clover seed treated with sulphur fumes can be made to look as bright and yellow as the very newest and best seeds. Worthless seed thus treated has been used to adulterate good clover seed in England, but through the exertion of several members of the seed trade one of the offenders has been heavily fined.

FRESH AND SALT.—There is a refinement of ingenuity in the adulteration of butter, or the so-called making of "fresh" from salt butter. Salt butter of very inferior quality is repeatedly washed with water in order to free it from salt. This being accomplished, the next process is to wash it frequently with milk, and then to add a small quantity of sugar.

CORN-COBS.—A cheap and convenient way to supply the hogs with charcoal is to burn the corn-cobs that accumulate about the feeding places and about the barn. Rake or deposit them in a pile, burn till well charred, then extinguish the fire. Sprinkle salt over the heap, and it will be a pleasure to see how the hogs will relish this cheap neutralizer of gases.

POULTRY.—Now that the weather is warmer do not feed the hens except at night, the object being to compel them to hunt and scratch for their food during the day. By so doing they will keep in better laying condition, the eggs will hatch better and the health of the flock be promoted. The great obstacle to success with the poultry is overfeeding, especially in summer.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

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As many of our readers no doubt preserve THE POST, and as many more would like to if they had a convenient means of doing so, we call their attention to "The Handy Binder," advertised in another column. This is one of the best contrivances ever invented for binding purposes, and is as cheap as it is handy and useful.

Between Man and Man.

All human actions have an order and reference to some end, and consequently suppose some knowledge of the end and of the means whereby it may be attained.

So that unless a man do believe and be persuaded that such a thing is some way or other good for him, and consequently desirable and fit to be propounded as an end, and that this end is attainable, and the means which he useth are probable and likely for the attaining of this end, he will sit still and do nothing at all about it.

So that without faith it is impossible to do anything; he that believes nothing will do nothing.

To instance first in civil actions, and the common affairs and concernments of life; all these are done by virtue of some faith or persuasion concerning them.

For example, husbandry, or merchandise; no man will apply himself to these but upon some belief or persuasion of the possibility and necessity, or at least usefulness and convenience of these to the ends of life.

No man would plough or sow if he did not believe that there were such a thing as the growing of corn, and that it was necessary for the support of our lives, and if he were not persuaded of the probability of reaping some fruit and benefit of his pains and industry.

No man would traffic to Turkey or the Indies if he did not believe there were such places, and that they afforded such commodities, and that he might have them upon such terms as might recompense the adventure of his charge and pains. And so on in all other actions of life.

Faith, or trust even between man and man, which is the source of so much human happiness, is the mainspring of human activity.

What leads the husbandman, for example, to yoke his horses when, no bud bursting to clothe the naked trees, no bird singing in hedgerows or frosty skies, nature seems dead?

With faith in the regularity of her laws, in the ordinance of Heaven, he believes that she is not dead but sleepeth; and so he ploughs and sows in the certain expectation that he shall reap, and that these bare fields shall be green in summer with waving corn, and be merry in autumn with sun browned reapers.

The farmer is a man of faith. So is the seaman.

No braver man than he who goes down to see the wonders of the deep! Venturing his frail bark on a sea ploughed by many keels, but wearing on its bosom the furrows of none, with neither path to follow nor star to guide, the master knows no fear.

When the last green hill has dipped beneath the wave, and he is alone on a shoreless sea, he is calm and confident—his faith in the compass needle, which, however his ship may turn, or roll, or plunge, ever points true to the north.

On that faith venturing his all, life, crew and cargo, he steers his way boldly through darkest nights and stormiest oceans, with nothing but a thin plank between him and the grave.

And though metaphysicians and divines have involved this matter of faith in mystery, be assured that there is nothing more needed for your salvation or mine than true belief in the declaration of Heaven's word as real, heartfelt and practical, as that which we put in the laws of providence—in the due return of day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest.

Remove faith between man and man, and society and commerce fall to pieces. There is not a happy home on earth but stands on faith; our heads are pillowed on it; we sleep at night on its arms with greater security for the safety of our lives, peace and property than bolts and bars can give.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

The first principles of any science are not found by art and study, but are taken on faith as necessarily true; and so faith receives the weightier truths of duty as first realities, which no demonstration can make clearer.

The witness of the mind and the witness of the thing agree. No one learns in science or religion, duty, without faith in something.

He cannot learn without this, as a forefeeling of something to be known, and that something of a primal unvarying truth. But with this, if we have it, all grows clear.

BEWARE of people between whose ears and mouth there is no partition. Before you make a bosom friend of any man, be sure he is secret-tight. The mischief that the non retentives do is infinite. In war they often mar the best laid schemes and render futile the most profound strategy. In social life they sometimes set whole communities by the ears, frequently break up families, and are the cause of much misery and crime. Therefore be very careful to whom you intrust information of vital importance to your interests, of whatever nature.

SILENCE is worth its weight in gold in many crises of human experience. When trouble comes, when passions are aroused, when excitement unnerves, silence, until the feelings and the reason are restored to normal conditions, will prevent many a hasty, ill-timed word or act which would be followed by days of regret and sorrow. Calmness in critical situations and experiences should be cultivated, for it will prove a weapon and a shield which are not to be despised.

IF, in the pursuit of that on which we have set our hearts, we take steps which violate our sense of right and lower our moral tone, to just that extent do we lessen the success of our lives. The temporary gain which may seem to ensue is in reality our worst failure, and will sooner or later manifest itself as such.

WE are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

SUCH is our impatience, such our hatred of procrastination, in everything but the amendment of our practices and the adornment of our nature, one would imagine we were dragging Time along by force, and not he us.

IF it is well to think well, it is Divine to act well.

To suppose that this moral order of things, with its undiscerning confusion of good and evil, truth and falsehood, that this present time, with its unsolved discrepancy between the ideal and the actual, with its restless alternation of progress and declension, of rise and fall, heaving like the billows of the ocean, shall flow on and on for ever through a purposeless eternity—to suppose this would involve a denial of all teleology, a denial of the final triumph of goodness and truth.

NEVER repent, unless by repentance you mean drawing lessons from past experience. Beating against the bars of fate you will only wound yourself, and mar what yet remains to you. Grief for the past is useful so far as it can be transmuted into renewed force for the future.

ONE thing, and only one, in this world has eternity stamped upon it. Feelings pass; resolves and thoughts pass; opinions change. What you have done lasts—lasts in you. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for good, that, and only that, lasts.

THE polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people.

How easily a man who has never been in any great distress may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, anything of the possible goodness of the human heart—or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness.

IT appeareth in nothing more that atheism is rather on the lip than in the heart of man than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of their opinion, as if they fainted in themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by consent of others.

THE responsibilities of life are gauged not by what we are, but by what we may become. The man who has ventured only to the limits of his conscious force has only reached the threshold of his possible attainments.

THOUGHTS are the first born, the blossoms of the soul, the beginning of our strength, whether for good or evil, and they are the greatest evidence for or against a person that can be.

EXISTENCE was given us for action, rather than indolent and aimless contemplation; our worth is determined by the good deeds we do, rather than by the fine emotions we feel.

HE who stops short where stopping is not allowable, will stop short in everything. He who behaves shabbily to those whom he ought to treat well, will behave shabbily to all.

IT seems to me that the spirit of politeness is a certain attention in causing that, by our words and by our manners, others may be content with us and with themselves.

IT is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others.

To hear always, to think always, to learn always, it is thus that we live truly. He who aspires to nothing, who learns nothing, is not worthy of living.

THE life of man is made up of action and endurance; and life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or in patient perseverance.

PLEASURE and good differ from one another in this respect—that good may not be pursued for the sake of pleasure, but for the sake of good.

HEALTH is the only riches that a man ought to set a value on, for without it all men are poor, let their estates be what they will.

NEVER avoidably wound the feelings of a human being.

The World's Happenings.

A potato within a potato is a Mt. Holly, N. J., curiosity.

The Queen of England makes her own tea when traveling.

Cole & Wood are partners in New York city. They deal in coal and wood.

Up to date 400 monuments have been erected on the Gettysburg battle-field.

Wisconsin educators are discussing a proposition to establish baths in the public schools.

Society item from an Ohio paper: Miss Lida Gordon, of Melrose, was here to dee pa and ma last week.

Recently, for the first time in the history of India, it is said, a public lecture was delivered in Bombay by a native woman.

If all the telephone wires in this country were stretched in a continuous line they would go seven times around the globe.

A woman and her husband are master and engineer respectively of a trading steamer on the Columbia river, Washington.

A curious ceremony took place at the White House lately—the cremation of a bushel of letters written to President Harrisonby cranks.

Chinamen are beginning to part their names in the middle. The inscription "U. John Sing" can be seen in the window of a Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, laundry.

Thousands of wild ducks were killed in a thunder-storm at Washown, Dakota, recently. There seemed to be a half million of them in the flock, and all were terrified.

Henry Lair, a Mercer county, Ky., farmer, is 6 feet 2 inches. His wife is 2 inches taller. Each of their seven sons is taller than their mother, the tallest being 6 feet 3 inches.

Margaret Kendricks, a colored woman residing near Garrettsburg, south of Hopkinsville, Ky., gave birth to twins, both of them girls—one perfectly white and the other black.

To make heavy felted goods waterproof, stretch the piece in a frame and rub with beeswax on wrong side. Then melt in with a hot smoothing-iron. Or use paraffin in the same manner.

In a house near Hagerstown, Md., destroyed by the cyclone of a few days ago, was a sleeping infant, who was found when the blow was over half a mile off, and not in the least injured.

A young lady in Orange, N. Y., while walking on the street, looked around and found her bustle on fire. A cigarette-smoking dandy had dirted some fiery ashes on that portion of the young woman's make-up.

Sewing circles down in Maine mean something. One at Somerville, Mt. Desert, has bought an organ for the church, provided a hearse, built sidewalks and raised $300 to put an iron fence around the cemetery.

According to a Berlin correspondent, Professor Forster, Head Physician of the Royal Eye Hospital in Breslau, maintains that short-sightedness in children is not infrequently due to their wearing too tight-fitting collars.

Of all the adult male criminals in London, not two in a hundred have entered upon a course of crime who have lived an honest life up to the age of 20; almost all who enter upon a course of crime do so between the ages of 8 and 16.

Here is a marriage notice clipped from a Cleveland paper: "In Guilford, Medina county, on the 24 inst., by S. Wilson, Esq., Mr. Samuel D. Curtis to Miss Sally Murphy, after a tedious courtship of 18 years, which was borne with Christian fortitude and patience."

"I am tired of living with such a homely woman!" exclaimed Wm. Rush, of Niagara Falls, as he walked away from his wife a few weeks ago. The other day she was left a legacy of $40,000, and William hurried back home to call her his angel one, but she wouldn't let him in.

Three women, a mother and two daughters, pay the whole of the taxes in their ward in a Missouri town. They say they do not object to paying, but they think it very unfair that they are shut out from voting on laying the taxes they have to pay or on spending their own money.

A gentleman in Philadelphia has received a letter from a lady residing on the Allegheny river, about 100 miles from Johnstown, which says that the river was covered with debris from the flood, and among the various articles recovered was a little cradle, in which was a living baby.

That swallows are disappearing from France is shown by a report laid before the Zoological Society, which also reveals the cause of this decrease and indicates the remedy. The authors of the death of millions of these pretty birds are the ladies, who wear the feathers, wings and even the bodies of the swallows in their hats and bonnets.

A Bath, Me., paper says: Rev. John McFadden, among the early champions of temperance in Maine, 60 years ago raised a barn without treating his helpers to liquor. This innovation made a great stir, and the opposition was only quieted by enjoying the excellent dinner prepared by Mr. McFadden's wife.

Hereafter the Boston Board of Health will cause the public library card in each family where a contagious disease is found to exist to be stamped, so as to indicate the presence of such a disease there. The library will thereafter decline to allow other books to be taken out on this card until the contagion has been stamped out from the home. When books are returned from such a locality they will be disinfected.

The owner of a baggage-checking stand at the Union Depot, Kansas City, was in trouble one morning lately. A woman left a baby carriage, containing a baby, in the stand, checking it, and promising to be back in half an hour. "If the baby cries, just shake the carriage a little," she said, "and she'll go right to sleep." As soon as the mother had disappeared the child awoke and screamed. The more the check-man rocked the carriage the louder the baby howled. Finally, in desperation, he hired a young boy to wheel the baby up and down the platform of the depot. He says he will check no more babies.

SO FAIR.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Thou art so fair! thou art so fair,
That when, within some golden hour,
Thou wand'rest nigh the garden bow'r,
The beauteous denizens of air
All deem thou art a wondrous flow'r,
And flutter over thee!
Yet cold the heart that hidden lies,
And loveless glance thine azure eyes,
If they should fall on me!

Thou art so fair! thou art so fair,
That moon and stars, when thou art nigh,
Seem lustreless within the sky;
And gaze on earth in mute despair
Not knowing if from sight to fly,
When thy bright form they see!
Oh! must this loveliness divine,
That makes my life a slave to thine,
Be ever lost to me?

Meeting a Wife.

BY A. W. S.

ONE summer evening, many years ago, a young man of five-and-twenty, dark, tall, and handsome, dressed and equipped as a tourist—a class much rarer in those days than ours—was wandering along the wildest coast of Cornwall. He carried in his hand a stick, and a fishing-basket with a lid, suspended by a strap across his shoulders.

The scenery was singularly wild and lonely. A reach of shelving shore ran, straight and narrow, between the sea and the great cliffs, the dark and rugged walls of which seemed shut against the world.

The sun was sinking, and a rosy radiance slept upon the sand, upon the small salt sparkling pools, and upon the endless line of foamy lustre, where the ripple was for ever breaking with a sound like elfin thunder.

Lord Roland Raven walked at leisure. He had some miles to traverse before he reached the opening in the cliffs, which would conduct him to the village where he meant to pass the night; but the long summer evening was before him, and he was able to enjoy its beauty without need of haste.

All at once he stopped in some surprise; his eyes were fixed upon a point on the cliff-side. He had believed that he was far from any human habitation; yet there a solitary building, like a tower, was perched on a height among the rocks that overhung the sea. A steep and rocky path wound upwards to it from the shore. There was something in its singular position and appearance that touched his curiosity. It was, no doubt, a ruin; but even as a ruin it might be worth a visit. He determined to ascend.

He had been already walking for some days, but hitherto he had met with no adventure, and certainly he had no idea that one was now before him. As he turned aside towards the rocky pathway, no thought was in his mind, no shade of a presentiment, that a strange, a wildly strange experiance was ready to befall him.

And yet so it was to be.

The ascent was not so rugged as it looked. The path wound to and fro among the crags, and for some time the tower above him became lost to sight. He was at the top of the ascent before he knew it; a sudden turning brought him out upon the level space on which the tower was built. He stopped in wonder at the scene before him.

The tower was ancient, grey, and tempest-beaten; but it was no ruin. It stood amidst a piece of garden-ground, in which sea-asters, thrift, and wild sea-lavender bloomed luxuriantly together. Its lower half was clothed with ivy, in the midst of which a little casement was set open to the air.

At this window a young girl was sitting. Beneath her, on the ground, a flock of pigeons were picking up some food which she had just thrown out; two or three were feeding on the very window-sill; and a noise of cooing and of rustling wings filled all the air with a soft murmur.

The girl herself looked very young—seventeen, or little more. Her dress was white; her long black hair was abundant and flowing; but her face he could not see distinctly, because her eyes were bent upon the birds below her.

Roland for some moments stood in hesitation whether to withdraw before she saw him. Whilst he was still hesitating, the girl raised her eyes and showed him the most lovely face that he had ever seen or dreamed of. By no means sorry to be caught, Roland approached the window, hat in hand; the pigeons, too tame to take to flight, fluttering about his feet as he went forward.

"Pardon me," he said. "I have intruded quite without intention. I was passing on the shore, and was tempted to explore your pathway; but I did not imagine for a moment—" Here came a fluttering of wings about his head, and a large white pigeon alighted on his shoulder.

He and the girl both laughed at the same time. "Oh," she cried, "that's Peepy! Please excuse him; he takes you for old Isaac. Come here, Peepy!"

"May I ask," said Roland, standing with the pigeon on his shoulder, "whether Peepy's notion of a likeness is a good one?"

"Isaac is seventy-two," she said, still laughing. "He is our man-servant, and I do not think that he could ever have been as hand—I do not think that he could ever have been much like you. But Peepy always flies to meet him when he comes up the rock. Come, Peepy!"

Peepy, however, kept his place. Roland shook his shoulder; Peepy fluttered, but was not dislodged.

"He expects to get a piece of sugar," said the girl, "the silly bird!"

Roland had no sugar; but in his basket was a bunch of raisins. He produced it, and presented one. The bird seized it instantly, and flying with it to the rampart of the tower, set himself to taste the novel offering with extreme deliberation.

"Peepy does not stand on ceremony," said his mistress. "I believe he thinks that human beings were expressly made that he might sit upon their shoulders and be fed."

"No doubt of it," said Roland. "A philosopher in feathers."

He was standing there before the window, well aware that he had no excuse to linger, but by no means anxious to be gone. Only to look at those great lustrous eyes, only to hear that silvery laugh, was an occupation far too pleasant to be willingly cut short. It was, however, cut short for him. A voice from some interior region of the tower was suddenly heard calling, "Margaret."

The girl rose. Roland was obliged to take his leave. "I must intrude no longer," he said. "Believe me, I shall never forget Peepy—or his mistress."

The last words were added to himself, but something in his look perhaps expressed them; for the girl's face, as he bowed and turned to the descent, was rosier than the glow of sunset could explain.

Roland went down the pathway with a picture in his eye, and a sense of mystery in his mind. The picture was that of the most lovely girl whom he had ever seen, framed by the ivy-mantled window of her tower. And his sense of mystery concerned her also. How came she in a place so strange, and yet so charming? Who lived there with her? What was her station?—what her story?

These were questions which he could not answer? They may be answered here.

Margaret Shelland's father was a retired naval captain, a man of superior mind and education. He lived for the greater portion of the year at Valeford, a village some miles distant; but during the heat of the summer he was accustomed to take up his abode in the old tower on the cliff-side, together with his daughter and an ancient serving-man and his wife, Isaac and Jane Blow.

He liked the wild and solitary dwelling, and Margaret shared his fancy. Their solitude exposed them to no dangers, for, although smugglers and such evil characters at times visited the coast, there was nothing to tempt them to molest the tower.

Not only was there nothing worth the taking, but old Captain Shelland was a man of fiery humor, and well known to be extremely ready with his pistols. Accordingly, there the four lived undisturbed, and so it came to pass that Margaret's pigeons built their nests among the crannies of the rocks with the wild gulls.

Roland, absorbed in speculations, went down the rocky pathway. He had already reached the bottom, when on a sudden he was conscious of a flutter of white wings, and there was Peepy once more on his shoulder.

"What!" he said. "Is that you, my winged philosopher? You want another raisin, do you? You shall have one." He took out the bunch as he was speaking, and was about to break it when a thought occurred to him which changed his purpose. He put his hand up softly, caught the bird upon his shoulder, placed it snugly in the basket, shut down the lid and fastened it. Then he resumed his walk along the shore.

There was an aspect of romance about the whole adventure which touched his fancy; he resolved to keep it still. The bird, when he released it, would fly back to the tower; its mistress would receive it; it would light upon her shoulder; her hand would smooth its glossy wings.

What if she copied a missive under them? Would she not start to see it, regard it with surprise, take it, open it, and read, not without a flush of modest pleasure, the tribute of a poet to her charms? Not that Roland was a poet; but, like most men of the age in which he lived, he could embalm a strain of high-flown compliment in rhymes, or turn out a set of album verses on occasion. He resumed his walk along the shore, absorbed in meditation.

Gradually, as he proceeded, the scenery became still wilder. The cliffs grew loftier and more rugged, and approached more nearly to the sea. The waves were rolling in against the wind, which carried off their crests in clouds as fine as mist; and within the misty clouds, as the sunset glowed upon them, started forth at times the elfin likeness of a rainbow, trembling on the gust. It was the wild sea-iris, beautiful exceedingly, dancing, many-colored, in the whiteness of the spray.

But so far as Roland was concerned, she danced in vain. He walked on, heedless of external objects, his eyes fixed upon the sand. He had proceeded thus for more than half-an-hour, and had left the tower two miles behind him, when the smoothness of the shore was broken by a space of rocks, or giant boulders, which extended from the cliffs into the water. At this spot he took his seat upon a mass of rock, and, drawing a note-book from his pocket, began to write some lines of verse.

He then regarded his production with a contemplative eye. He was still considering in what manner it might be improved, when he gave a violent start, and thrust the book into his pocket.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder.

He turned, and saw beside him a man of very short, but broad and powerful figure. His dress was that of a sailor; his face, naturally a grim one, had been rendered of most evil aspect by the loss of one eye, and three or four front teeth.

As Roland turned his head, the stranger fixed his solitary eye upon his features with an eager and inquiring gaze.

The result of his inspection was most startling. He broke into a kind of snarl of rage and triumph, and seizing the young man by the collar, dragged him from the boulder down upon the sand.

Roland strove with all his might to free himself, but in vain. The struggle was a brief one. Under that deadly clutch the young man gasped for breath; his strength began to fail him, his head swam. He felt that his senses were departing. He seemed to be just conscious of two other men who came running down the rocks towards them—of being lifted by all three, and carried swiftly in the direction of the cliffs. Then, for an uncertain period, a darkness, as of midnight, came upon him, and he knew no more.

When he regained his senses, he was seated at the back of a deep cave upon a heavy block of wood, to which he was secured by an iron chain.

The dwarf was sitting on the ground before him, evidently awaiting his return to life. The other men had disappeared.

The dwarf's eye glittered in its sunken socket like that of a demoniac. He rose, and placed himself before his prisoner.

"Listen," he said, "Lord Roland Raven. Do you know me?"

"No."

The dwarf paused an instant, then, forcing his voice to steadiness, apparently by strong compulsion, though his one eye burned, and his harsh features worked with passion, he thus spoke:

"A year ago a smuggler's boat, two men in it (not on this coast—a hundred miles from here), was captured by the coast-guard. The night was dark, a shot was fired, and an officer was shot dead. The men were brought to trial, and sentenced to be hanged in chains; but the younger of the two would have been spared, but for the owner of the land on which the deed was done. He made complaint at court. He was a powerful lord, he had his way, and both the men were hanged." The dwarf advanced his face until his mouth was close against the listener's ear, the forced calmness of his manner suddenly gave way, and his voice rose to a hissing scream. "That lord was your father, and the young man was my son!"

The dwarf paused. Then, as Roland sat silent in amazement; he went on:

"They hanged him on a gibbet on the cliffs above the spot where he was taken. I took an oath of vengeance—on his corpse I swore it. I vowed to kill the man to whom he owed his death. But a few days later he died suddenly, and cheated me of my revenge."

Again he paused an instant; then added, in a voice of terrible significance,

"Now—I have got his son!"

The tone in which he spoke the words made Roland's blood run chill. The story might be true—was likely to be true.

His father had, he knew, exerted all his influence to inflict the utmost rigor of the law upon all smugglers; and he had, as the man said, died suddenly about a year before.

Yes—the man's story might be true; a sense of injuries and of brooding vengeance might have touched his brain. For in all this there was one most clear and awful fact. He was at the mercy of a madman.

Whilst the thought went through his mind, the dwarf had struck a light, which he now held burning in his hand. Beside him (the only article in the cave) stood a cask, or rather keg, set upright on one end. The top was open, and the keg seemed filled with coarse black sand. The dwarf pointed to this apparatus with his finger.

"Your father killed my son," he said, "and now I shall kill his. Look at this cask of powder; see this candle standing in it, I light it!" He did so with the utmost care. "It will burn, burn, for hours, and you will watch it burning. It will grow shorter, slowly, slowly; it will reach the powder, and then it will blow you into atoms!"

With these words the madman turned, and, with his grin of mingled rage and triumph which made his hideous features absolutely diabolical, left the cave without another word. Roland heard his steps upon the rocks outside grow fainter, and, at last, die off upon the sand.

He was alone, with death before him.

* * * * * *

All this had passed so quickly, that it was some minutes before Roland began to realise the facts of his position. Involuntarily he fixed his eyes upon the flaming candle, and upon the black, shining grains in which it stood.

He was there, fixed face-to-face with its descending flame, doomed, in helpless agony of mind, to watch its slow decrease.

How long would the candle burn (one hour, or two, or three), before its low flame reached the powder, and blew him into atoms?

Roland was no coward. As a soldier he would have led a charge, or volunteered for a forlorn hope, without a thought of fear; but to watch, in passive helplessness, the slow advance of certain death, will shake an iron heart and nerves of steel.

The madman's vengeance had been cunningly conceived. It was safe for the assassin; for, before the powder could explode, he would be many a league away, perhaps far off at sea, leaving no trace behind him, no dead body to tell tales; a flash, and the victim would be blown to nothingness.

And of all the methods which vindictive ingenuity has devised to rack the mind as well as kill the body, none could surpass the agony of this.

Men set to sink in quicksands, sucked slowly from the sight of earth and sky; men fixed under the knife-pendulum, or chained erect in pits of water, falling only drop by drop; such, and such alone, have drunk as deep a measure of the bitterness of death.

As the full horror of his fate was borne upon his mind, every fibre in his frame began to thrill, and the hairs upon his head to crawl in every root like things of life.

But was he doomed? Was there no possibility of escape? He looked eagerly about the cave. Except for the powder-cask, and the block of wood on which he sat, the place was absolutely bare.

He turned his scrutiny upon the block itself, and upon the chain which held him. The block was a huge bulk-head, half-sunken in the earth; immovable as a wall of solid rock. Upon the block, just behind him as he sat, there was an iron ring.

His chain went twice about his waist, leaving his arms free, passed through the ring, and was fastened to a root which jutted from the cavern wall behind him. Through the root the chain was passed, and secured by a long hook at its end, which was hitched into a link.

But for one fatal obstacle, Roland could have loosed it with a touch; the root was several feet beyond his reach.

He strained himself towards it; but with all his efforts he could not reach the hook by quite a yard. There was in this arrangement an ingenuity of torture which convinced him that it was designed.

Could he break the root to which the chain was fastened? He exerted all his strength; he pulled, he struggled; harder—harder yet. In vain; the root, which was as thick as a man's wrist, curved slightly

ly outwards, but gave no sign of breaking.

Finding all efforts useless, he at length desisted, and once more set himself to think.

Could he blow out the candle? It stood at least five yards from where he sat. He took a deep-drawn breath, and made the effort. The gust almost imperceptibly shook the flame, but nothing more.

Could but a blast of ocean wind have swept into the cave, and quenched the fatal flame! Alas! the air within the cavern was as still, as motionless, as the air within a tomb.

He raised his voice; he shouted, he made the cavern ring with echoes. But no cry came in answer to his own. In his heart he knew that none could come.

He ceased the vain endeavor, and once more set himself to think—to think with intensity, with desperation; for now he felt, with indescribable horror, that if he sat there gazing at the flame in passiveness he should go raving mad.

The sun by this time had gone down, and but for the candle-light the interior of the cavern would have been quite dark. The cave was about twenty yards in depth: its mouth was straight before him; and he could see, as from the interior of a tunnel, a space of sky still flushed with fading hues, across which a gull was flying. The silence was profound.

At times a drop of water from the cavern roof fell with a faint splash; from far off he could hear the whisper of the ripple on the shore. Its murmur in his ears was mingled with another sound—a sound low, dull, and throbbing. That was the fevered beat of his own blood.

Hush! what was that? A sound behind him. He turned quickly; but the blank wall of the cave showed nothing, and the sound was not repeated. Could it have been fancy? It must have been so. Once more, as in a kind of dreadful fascination, he fixed his gaze upon the candle.

Gradually, its flame increased before his eyes to thrice its proper size. It seemed a living thing—a fiery demon, implacable, relentless, awaiting the appointed hour of doom. Hush! The sound again behind him—a low, soft, fluttering sound. He turned, and almost laughed. The sound came from the basket at his back! He had forgotten Peepy.

He raised the lid and took out the bird, which fluttered in his hands. As he held it the whole scene of the evening came rushing back upon his mind. He saw again the ancient tower, the ivy-mantled window, and the lovely girl who sat there looking at her birds. Perhaps at that very moment she was seeking for her favorite, and wondering whither it had strayed. At least her bird should be her own again. Why should it share his fate?

He was about to let it fly when a thought struck him; it was singular that it had not struck him sooner. He instantly replaced the pigeon in the basket, took out the book and pencil with which he had been writing when the dwarf attacked him, and wrote swiftly, "The stranger who visited your tower this evening has been seized by smugglers, and left bound in a cave just where the rocks begin, with a candle burning in a powder-cask before him. It will soon explode. Help!"

He wrapped the paper round the pigeon's leg, and secured it with a strip torn off his handkerchief. It could not hinder the bird's flight, nor could it fail to catch the eye at the first glance. Then he released the messenger. It spread its wings, fled twice or thrice about the cave, then darted through the outlet, and vanished in an instant out of sight.

Roland watched it vanish, bearing on its wings the fates of life and death. His heart beat high with hope; but in a few minutes it sank again to despair. The chance that the bird's return would be observed, and the letter found before it was too late, was so faint as to be almost nothing.

But, strange to say—perhaps because his nerves had reached that point of tension beyond which they failed to act—his mind began to lose its consciousness of danger. He sat there, looking idly at the candle, and noting, with a kind of languid interest, that the flame had made itself a "winding-sheet."

The wick was long; its top leant over, glowing red. What if a spark should fall into the powder? At one moment he could almost wish it would; at the next, the thought aroused him to new frenzy, and he fought and struggled at his chain until he gasped for breath, and the moisture streamed from every pore.

At last he sank exhausted on the block, and lay there without motion.

How long it was before he raised himself he could not tell; it must have been much longer than he thought: for as his eye again fell on the candle, he felt a shock of horror.

Not half an inch of it remained; the stump was melting down into a shapeless mass, in which the wick was flaring. A few moments, and the end must come!

With his eyes fixed upon the flame, his breath held, and his arms crossed on his breast, as a doomed soldier stands before the guns of his companions, he nerved himself for the last moment.

Hark! what was that?

A footstep on the rocks outside the cave; a footstep drawing nearer—nearer. He strove to raise his voice; in vain; his tongue refused its office. It mattered not; a moment, and a figure, guided by the feeble gleam, gained the entrance, paused an instant, and then darted in. Great Heavens! It was the girl herself!

The shock of seeing her the sharer of his danger (for he had thought of nothing but old Isaac, or some other man) struck upon him like a dash of water in the face of one fainting.

"Go back!" he cried, with furious struggles at his chain. "Go back! you will be killed. Don't touch the candle—don't blow it, for the love of God! Go back!" Then seeing that the girl, so far from going, came straight towards his seat, he pointed with his finger to the rock which held the chain. "Can you undo that hook?"

The girl stepped quickly to it, and released it in a moment. The chain fell from the rock; he moved, and it slipped through the ring. With a mad strength, to which her weight was as a feather, he caught the girl up in his arms, and rushed from the cave.

The instant he was out of it, he turned sharply to the right, along the cliffs. Not till he was fifty yards from the cave's mouth did he set his burden on her feet; then he himself sank down upon a boulder, shaking like an aspen.

Almost at the same moment there came a roar like thunder, and from the cavern's mouth a blast of smoke and flame burst fifty feet into the air. There was a crash of falling rocks, a sense as though the firm earth trembled, a fierce, brief rushing in the air. Then all was still.

At the instant of the explosion the girl had uttered a loud shriek, and then sunk trembling by his side, with her hands clasped close before her eyes. Her companion was almost as much shaken, though from a different cause. "Great Heaven!" he murmured; "to think that you were nearly there!" But the next moment he regained his self-possession. It was his task to reassure her.

"There is nothing more to fear," he said, as lightly as he could. "The danger is quite over; and you are safe, and so am I, so there is no harm done."

The girl withdrew her hands, and looked at him, still trembling; then took a deep breath once or twice. "I am frightened," she said. "How terrible it might have been! how horrible! But thank heaven I was in time! How did it happen? Tell me."

"Not now," said Roland. "You have had enough of horrors for one night; let us think of them no more. Rather, let me thank you for my safety."

As he spoke, he rose and stood before her; something about him made a clanking sound. The moon was rising, and by her light the cause was visible. The chain with which he had been bound was still about his waist, from which its long ends trailed behind him; so like an iron tail that neither could help laughing.

The chain, which had been passed twice round his body, had then been knotted; but as its ends were free, the united efforts of the pair soon loosened it. By the time it lay upon the ground, both were well recovered from their recent agitation.

"This is one thing more I have to thank you for," said Roland. "Will you tell me what your name is?"

They no longer felt or spoke as strangers. Those moments of extreme excitement had brought them closer to each other than months of ordinary acquaintance would have done. She told him: Margaret Sheland.

"Margaret." He repeated the name softly to himself. Then, resuming his light tone: "Tell me that you forgive my stealing Peepy, as I did."

"Why did you steal him?" she inquired, her eyes alive with feminine curiosity.

"I meant to make him take another message. But you might justly ask me how I came to send the one I did. I acted without thinking; I never dreamt that you would come. Great heaven! to think of what I nearly led you into! Was there no one you could send?"

"I might have sent old Isaac; but he is slow. And, oh! I am so glad I did not. My father sprained his foot two days ago, and cannot walk with it. And there was no one else."

"And did your father let you come?"

"He did not know it," she replied. "I heard Peepy tapping at my window; I took him in, and I saw the paper in a minute. I read it, and I nearly screamed aloud; but then I thought, my father, if he sees this, will send Isaac, and he will be too late. I will go myself. And I ran all the way. Perhaps my father has not missed me yet; but I must make haste back and tell him."

"And I must come with you," he said. "I have to thank him for my life, since I owe it to his daughter."

"Not to me only," she said, smiling. "To Peepy also."

"True," said Roland; "true. I owe my gratitude to Peepy. But what do I owe to Margaret, my angel of deliverance—to her who brought me back from death to life and love?"

As he spoke the last word, rather murmured than aloud, he looked into her face, on which the moonlight rested. She was pale still; she trembled yet; but at his words and look she blushed a rosy red. And then they went together down the shore.

And that was how Lord Roland met his wife.

SAYS a despatch from New Castle, Indiana: "To-day Walter Reddick was sentenced by Judge Bundy in the Circuit Court to ten years in the Reform School for burglarizing the clothing house of N. E. Black. Young Reddick is only eleven years old, but is one of the most hardened criminals in the country. He made a confession before the Court in which he acknowledged to having stolen horses, burglarized stores and residences, and stolen articles of various kinds whenever an opportunity was presented.

The Will and the Way.

BY M. B.

TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle, rattle to bang! went the piano in Mr. Carrington's parlor. Bee Carrington seemed to be throwing off a vast amount of superfluous energy upon the instrument, apparently more bent upon giving emphasis to her feelings than upon making music. Bee was nineteen years of age, slightly built, with hazel eyes and curly brown hair, and an energetic manner of speaking.

She was playing with a purpose, that was evident; and if it were her purpose to make a good deal of noise, she certainly accomplished it.

The door flew open, and a flaxen haired, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little maiden of twelve danced into the room.

"Why, Bibbie! what are you doing? I never heard you make such a racket before."

"This is a reveille, Annie. I am trying to call you girls together. Where are Maud and Cora?"

"In the garden. Shall I call them?"

"Yes, do. I want to hold a council of ways and means."

Annie flew to the garden, and Bee's fingers evolved a few more emphatic strains, which were allowed to die away upon the entrance of Maud and Cora.

"Well, what is up now?" said Cora, a fair, plump young lady of sixteen. "From the unmerciful manner in which you have abused that poor old piano for the last ten minutes, I think some mighty revolution is going on in your brain. Out with it, and relieve your mind, Bee."

And Cora leaned against the piano, and fanned herself with a sheet of music.

"It is this, girls. I have called you together to hold a council, and to begin with, I nominate myself chairman and chief speaker. All in favor of that nomination will please hold their tongues. All silent? It is a vote. I rise, ladies, to state the question before the house, which stands pretty much like this: Mr. Carrington, our respected father, is getting past middle life, is not as strong as he once was, and is far from being rich, or even well-to-do. Most of his children are girls, and some people think that girls are not of much use. I don't agree with some people, and have decided, for one, to do what I can to show that they are mistaken. Now I propose that we consider the available talents of each member of this council separately, and decide upon some plan to make these talents profitable financially. How many of you favor my plan?"

A unanimous "I do," from the listeners.

"Very well, then," continued Bee. "To begin with myself, as most important. I am very fond of music, and people say I have a taste for it, but my talent in that direction wants cultivation, and I have not time or means to devote to it. I am apt with my needle, but the market is overstocked with seamstresses. Thanks to mother's training, I can do housework very well, although I cannot say I like it. Now can anyone suggest some occupation for Bee Carrington, whereby she can earn a living, without too great an outlay of time in learning some business?"

"Oh, Bibbie," said Annie, "I know what you can do beautifully! Write stories for the magazines. People earn lots of money in that way, and you can write such lovely stories."

"Yes, Bee. Why not?" said quiet Maud, who had not yet spoken. "You can write nice stories, and, as Annie says, people do earn a great deal of money in that way."

"If the mass of people were as partial critics as my two youngest sisters, I might earn a great deal of money by writing stories, and I should love to do it; but I shall need much training before I can write for remuneration, and I must do something to earn money now. What do you say, Cora?"

"Well, there are several things, such as telegraphy, that you might do for a while," said Cora.

"But it takes time to learn telegraphy," said Bee. "I would like it. You know, Katie Wilson worked at it, and did nicely. Would have been in the office still had she not married. I wish I could learn."

"Suppose you make that your aim?" said Maud. "Perhaps we shall be able to manage it in some way."

"Very well, then," said Bee. "We will now consider Cora's case. What can you do, Cora?"

"Cora can trim hats and bonnets as well as a milliner," said Annie, who had a high opinion of the talents of her older sisters.

"I think Cora ought to be an artist," said Maud.

"I should like to be an artist," said Cora. "But think of the long years of study before I could earn anything; and, in the meantime, how must I live?"

"Couldn't you do a little millinery or dressmaking, and study when you don't have much work? You do those things very well for an amateur."

"Not a bad idea, Maud," said Bee. "Perhaps Cora can get some situation where she can do such work, and have some time to take lessons. We will leave her case there and consider yours. What can you do, Maud?"

Maud did not answer immediately. She was but fourteen years of age, a tall, slender brunette, with thoughtful brown eyes, and an abundance of dark, silky hair.

Presently she looked up, and said, "I want to be a teacher."

"That for the future, Maudie; but for the present—what?" from Cora.

"I don't know. I am willing to help all I can."

And Maud looked very sober.

"We ought not to expect much of you for a year or two yet," said Bee, "and as for Annie, she can wait too. But Cora and I must do something as soon as possible. Now I propose that we write to Aunt Juliet, lay our plans before her, and ask her advice. If she can help us she will. Is it agreed?"

Bee's suggestion met with the hearty approval of the council, and Bee herself was deputed to write the letter. That afternoon Annie carried the important document to the post, and the girls performed their various duties with a feeling that, somehow life had grown to be a much more earnest thing than it had been.

Five days later, an answer came from Aunt Juliet. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR GIRLS:

"Your letter came three days ago, and I have thought it over, and done the best I could in so short a time. I wonder, Bee, if you can pocket your pride, as well as your natural disinclination for housework, sufficiently to take a situation of that kind for awhile. Mrs. Morton, whom you will remember meeting here, wants a girl. She does not want a mere servant. She would like someone whom she can take in as one of the family—one who can sit with her as a companion when the work is done. She knows what training you have had, and says if you will come and try it for awhile she will give you ten shillings a-week, and treat you in every respect like one of the family.

"For you, Cora, I have secured a place with Miss Snell, the dressmaker. She will want you to assist her seven hours in the day; for which she will pay you two shillings to begin with. If you prove valuable to her, she will raise your pay.

"Maud and Annie have my best wishes, but they are very young, and had better remain at home for the present. Now, Bee and Cora, let me know soon if you will come, for Mrs. Morton and Miss Snell cannot wait long.

"Your loving aunt,

"JULIET CARRINGTON."

Bee read the letter aloud to the other girls. Cora was in ecstasies.

"I will go if mother will let me," said she.

Bee was less rapturous.

"I don't want to do housework, but I do want the money. I think I will try it."

Mrs. Carrington looked grave when they took the letter to her and told her their plans, but she offered no objection. She knew it would be necessary for her girls to go away sooner or later, and she felt that these opportunities were as good as could be found under the circumstances.

She was slightly acquainted with Mrs. Morton, and had no doubt that Bee would be treated with kindness and consideration; and she was glad to feel that Cora would be under her aunt's special protection.

One week was given to preparation, and then Bee and Cora bade good-bye to home and friends. Maud looked sober when they were gone, and Annie told her sorrows to her favorite dog, while Mrs. Carrington suppressed all signs of sorrow, although it would not be true to say that she did not miss her girls very, very much indeed.

This change in the Carrington family took place towards the latter part of May, and Maud and Annie began to study ways and means to help diminish their father's expenses. They were zealous to imitate their sister's example, and held a little private conference to that end.

"I'll tell you my plan," said Maud. "I am going to see Mr. Wilson, and ask him to let me pick strawberries when they are ripe. I will step in on my way home from the post-office. He will be at home then."

"Let me go with you?" said Annie. "I want to earn some money, too, and it will be easier for me to pick strawberries than for you, because I am shorter than you are, and it is not so far for me to get down to them."

Mr. Wilson was somewhat surprised when the girls preferred their request.

"Why, yes, I shall be glad to have you, if you think you can stand it, and your parents are willing. But you will find it hard work," he replied.

"We don't expect to make play of it. We want to earn some money, and we are willing to work for it," said Maud.

"You're plucky little girls," said Mr. Wilson. "I shall consider you engaged, subject to your parent's approval."

And Maud and Annie left him with light hearts and happy faces.

When they laid their plans before their parents that evening, both Mr. and Mrs. Carrington said "No."

"I don't want to see my daughters working like those of a peasant," said Mr. Carrington, "It is not necessary. We have lived in tolerable comfort so far, and now that Bee and Cora have put their shoulders to the wheel, it would be a pity if we could not manage."

"But we want to put our shoulders to the wheel, too, and give a little push," said Maud. "If we can earn enough to buy our books and other school articles for the year, it will be a help, and I shall need a great many things now that I am in the high school."

"Yes," chimed in Annie, "and I must have an entire new set of books. You will let us do as we want to, won't you, papa."

Mr. Carrington seldom refused Maud or Annie anything; and his consent being won, their mother stipulated that they should only work a while in the morning and late in the afternoon, feeling that health was of more importance than was the money they would earn by too steady

application to such hard work.

So when the season opened, Maud and Annie commenced their tasks hopefully. The hours seemed long, and their backs ached, but they would not give up until they worked the six hours which was all their mother allowed for a day.

How proud they felt of the first money they earned! And when the season was over, and they counted their proceeds, they found they had a little more than two pounds each.

"Better than doing nothing, wasn't it?" said Maud.

And Annie danced up and down the room, and declared she would have a new dress out of the proceeds.

We must not forget Bee and Cora, whom we left on their way to take up their new duties.

Some letters written near the end of August will serve to show how they succeeded.

"DEAR MAMMA:

"I have been at Mrs. Morton's thirteen weeks, and have become pretty well accustomed to the work now. You know, there are only five in the family, including myself, and Mrs. Morton did her own work until she was ill last year. I made a good many mistakes at first, but she was so patient with me that I got along nicely. Had she been fretful or exacting, I don't believe I could have stayed, for I was dreadfully homesick for a while. We are a mile and a half from the village, so that I cannot run in to see Cora every evening. Our work is always done before three o'clock in the afternoon, and then I can go out, or sew for myself, or read—in short, do what I please until tea-time. In spite of my dislike of housework, I am very happy here, and feel now that I shall stay until I can do better.

"Tell Maud to take good care of Dickie, and not let the cat eat him up. I am glad that she and Annie have done so well, and are so well. Love to all, including yourself. Write as often as you can to your loving daughter,

"BEE."

"DEAR MAUD:

"I saw Bee yesterday, and she told me she had just written to mother, so I will write to you this time. I have some splendid news to tell you. Miss Snell has raised my pay to half-a-crown a-day. She says she is very much pleased with my work, and she shall want to keep me as long as she can. Wasn't I lucky to get such a chance? I get along nicely with my drawing. Miss Leighton says some of my designs are very good, and wishes I could give more time to it now; but I tell her I must earn some money first. I have a cosy little room at the top of the house. I enclose a picture of it. The window on the side marked 'west' is the one where I sit most of the time I am at home.

"Bee came down yesterday and spent an hour with me. I often go there on Saturday nights and stay over Sunday. How is the spotted calf? I suppose all the little cunning chickens are great, awkward ragged creatures now? I am coming home on Saturday for a few days, and Mrs. Morton says Bee may come too: so kill the fatted calf (not Spotty) and make ready for the great arrival.

"Yours in sostanies,

"CORA."

One of the peculiarities of Cora's letters was that she usually bordered them with designs of various patterns. She seldom wrote much, but filled out the pages with her artistic efforts. The letter I have given was an unusually long one for her.

It was a grand day at the Carringtons' when the girls came home for their visit. Maud and Annie had made the house as "spick and span" as they knew how, and Mrs. Carrington had produced a variety of culinary delicacies—an art in which she excelled. Although but a short distance from the station, Mr. Carrington groomed his horse with unusual care, and drove over to meet them.

As the train rushed past the house (which stood on a elevation a quarter of a mile from the railway), two handkerchiefs were seen to wave from the windows, and Maud and Annie, who were watching, flew eagerly into the house to inform their mother.

Ten minutes later, Bee and Cora were running from room to room, asking questions of everybody without listening to their answers, caressing the kitten, chatting to the bird, admiring the flowers, and going on generally in that delightfully irrational manner in which young people allow the effervescence of a superabundant delight to pass of harmlessly.

"It is good to see you again, Maud," said Bee, after the first flow of spirits had subsided. "And what wonders you and Annie have accomplished! You fairly throw Cora and myself into the shade."

"We have done what we could," said Maud. "But we have only earned money, without learning any special thing that will be of future use, while Cora draws such lovely designs, besides learning dressmaking."

"And of course, Bee, you have written stories when you could get time, haven't you? Of course you have, you dear old Bibbie?"

And Annie flew to hug her eldest sister rapturously.

"Yes," said Maud, "Annie and I take it for granted that you have a story to entertain us with. Haven't you?"

"Not exactly a story this time, my little sisters; but I have something in a different line. I have written a tragedy."

"Oh, how splendid! What do you call it?" cried Annie.

"'The Witch's Cave,'" said Bee. "There are seven characters, and I propose to have it acted while we are at home, by the way of an entertainment. Cora and I have learned our parts. I take three characters and Cora two, and that leaves one each for Maud and Annie, which will be all they can learn. We will get it ready for Thursday evening, and invite the Eatons and Wilsons. These, with papa, mamma, and Bertie, will be all the audience there is room for. We will perform it in the kitchen, where we can have the pantry, back stairway, and wood-room for our exits and entrances. We must improvise stage properties as well as we can. For instance: Scene First—Night! A Dark Forest! Thunder and Lightning! Witch appears at entrance of cave. We can easily arrange the thunder, but the lighting, I fear, will have to depend altogether upon the imagination of the audience."

"I can manage that with Clarence Eaton's dark lantern," said Maud.

"Just the thing! What a jewel you are, Maud," said Cora.

It was late before the sisters retired that night—they had so much to talk about, so many plans to discuss.

We shall not attempt to describe the delightful week at home, only giving a brief space to the "Kitchen Tragedy," as Bee called it.

Three or four stout branches supplied the forest; an old-fashioned clothes horse, to be used in different ways, for shifting scenery, a table, some chairs, &c., were about all the articles needed.

The dark lantern, skillfully manipulated, and a heavy iron ball rolled across the bare floor overhead, seemed like very real thunder and lightning.

The costumes were wonderful, and utterly indescribable, but in spite of some slight drawbacks, the effect of the whole thing was intensely thrilling.

Bertie, particularly, became so excited that he rushed upon the stage two or three times to assist in the performance—much to the embarrassment of both actors and audience, and was thoroughly disgusted to find his services were not appreciated.

But, on the whole, the audience manifested a satisfactory amount of approbation and in the last scene the old witch died amid thunders of applause from the younger portion of the listeners.

Would my young readers like to follow the fortunes of the sisters farther? Then I will take the author's privilege of annihilating time, in order to show results.

We will suppose four years to have passed—four years of hopeful and determined efforts on the part of our energetic young friends.

In a pleasant town within easy distance of their old home, we find Bee and Cora. The former has not only become a first-class telegraphist, but her stories are regularly published in a periodical of no small pretensions, and her youthful ambition bids fair to be realized.

Cora finds constant employment in making sketches for a publisher, and the sisters make themselves a cosy home together by furnishing a few rooms for their own use.

Maud holds a position as teacher in her own town, where she can still be at home. Annie is still at school aiming to be a teacher, like Maud, and emulating her sister, Bee, in writing little stories, hoping, sometime, to see one in print, if she can ever get up courage to send it to the publisher, like her famous sister, "dear old Bibbie," as she still continues to call her.

People no longer pity Mr. Carrington because most of his children are girls, and both he and Mrs. Carrington feel that the machinery of life never ran so smoothly before.

IRON AND LIFE.

IT is not generally known that iron has such an important and indispensable function to fulfil in the maintenance of animal life that no work of the body, voluntary or involuntary, muscular or mental, can be performed but by its agency. And still less is it known that iron is equally as necessary to the support of plant-life and to plant growth.

In order to understand the relationship of iron to animal vitality and energy, it will be necessary briefly to consider how the work of the body, internal and external, is performed.

First of all, then, we get an idea of the total work done by the body by simply remembering the fact that an average man engaged in labor, in the course of twenty-hours does work equivalent to lifting a ton to the height of four hundred and fifty feet; and of the internal work, by considering that the heart alone in pumping the blood to all parts of the body performs in the same time work equivalent to raising a ton one hundred and twenty feet high, to say nothing of the work of respiration, etc.

Now, the source of all this energy—a great part of which is absolutely necessary in order that the body may simply live from moment to moment—is heat.

Yes, heat is the mechanical force in the animal as much as it is in the steam-engine; and this bodily heat is generated by the combustion of the coaly or carbonaceous matter of which our food and bodies mainly consist, just as the heat of the steam-engine is derived from the burning of the coal.

This slower burning going on constantly in the animal body, is taking place in every minute corner of the system to which the blood flows, and imparts to the blood its well-known heat (about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit).

At each inspiration, the lungs are filled with air, a portion of which consists of the life-sustaining gas, oxygen. Then through the membranous walls of the air-cells which are surrounded with minute blood-vessels, an interchange of gases takes place, oxygen from the air-cells going through into the blood, while water-vapor and the poisonous carbonic acid gas pass from the blood into the air-cells, and are discharged into the outer air in the process of expiration.

If a drop of blood be viewed under the microscope, it is at once seen to consist of a colorless serum, in which are floating a multitude of colored, round flattened bodies.

These are red corpuscles, which give the blood its red, and whose special work is to absorb the oxygen and carry it to all parts of the body in the course of its circulation. If the blood be streaked on a white surface, it will be seen that the color of these corpuscles is deep orange rather than crimson; and it has been computed that there would be several millions of them contained in a thin film of blood sufficient to cover a square inch of glass.

The coloring matter of the corpuscles can be separated from the other portion, and when burned, is remarkable for yielding the extraordinarily large proportion of twelve per cent. of peroxide of iron or iron rust. In fact it may be said that all the iron in the blood is contained in the red corpuscles.

Here, then, we get a clue to the special function of iron in the red corpuscles of the blood; it enables them to readily absorb oxygen as they pass along the minute blood-vessels of the lungs, and to act as carriers of this all-important gas to all parts of the body, parting with it freely for the work of oxidation as required. Little wonder, also, that iron is found to be a valuable tonic medicine in cases of debility arising from poorness of blood, for exercise in the fresh air—which of course implies rapid inspiration of oxygen—can only be of greatest benefit when the supply of iron in the corpuscles is at its maximum.

In the next place, we have to consider iron as an essential element in plant-life and growth; and in order to come to a clear conception concerning it, it will be necessary to notice some of the vital processes in the development of a plant, and more especially as to the office of its leaves.

At the outset we shall see some analogy between the lungs of an animal and the leaves of a plant; for as the lung is the organ for taking in from the air and expelling from the body certain gases for the maintenance of the animal's life, so the leaf absorbs from the air and gives off from the plant certain gases for the support and development of the plant.

Now maize, oats, and many other plants have been very successfully grown and brought to perfection in bottles containing water in which have been dissolved all the substances that plants are known to require from the soil, one of which is iron.

But if a solution be made absolutely free from iron, but containing all the other essentials, a curious occurrence ensues—the leaves begin to lose their greenness, and at length become white, growth ceases, and after lingering for a time, the plant dies of starvation, not being able to assimilate its air food—carbon.

It is at least an interesting coincidence that iron should be the active agent in both animal and vegetable life for the assimilation of the air substances required for their existence; and that at the same time it should be intimately connected with the production of the distinctive color of the blood and of the foliage of plants.

THE GREAT ALCHEMIST.—The alchemists of old believed that in the embers of all things their primordial forms existed, and that therefore they could create the rose with all its green foliage and crimson blossoms complete from its own ashes, but without the bloom and fragrance—a delicate apparition like the ghostly downy head of the dandelion that springs up where the golden sun of the flower had set.

But a more cunning Alchemist will restore from the ashes of our beloved dead the old human form in all its human perfection, the self-same being with whom on earth and in time we took sweet counsel, transfigured, glorified but still unchanged in all essential elements; the glorious influences of the eternal life only quickening and deepening within its chambers of imagery the earthly and mortal pictures of the heart.

In the highest and fullest sense shall beauty then be given for ashes; and the revelation of a glory that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, shall be seen in the "little dust that here we over-ween."

DISCONTENT.—There is a discontent which is a chief element in all human progress. It will not suffer a man to rest satisfied with himself and his surroundings, but urges him to press on to something better, higher, or in some way more desirable.

The more we have of this kind of discontent the more rapidly will civilization, education, and character grow—the more elevated, in all good senses of the word, will humanity become.

Yet there is another kind of discontent, so widely different in its quality and results that it should hardly bear the same name—a weak restless repining, alike opposed to present happiness and future advancement.

It not only prevents a man from resting, satisfied with anything; it leads him to no action, it suggests no remedy, it awakens no enthusiasm; it simply rankles in the mind, paralysing him with its useless sting and making all noble exertion impossible.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A joint committee of the London School Board and the City and Guilds Institute has just completed arrangements for making an experiment in the way of teaching laundry work to girls in attendance at the Board schools. The experiment is to be confined for the first twelve months to five centres. Premises near the school houses have been provided at these centres, which are all in the poorer districts of the metropolis. A similar experiment has already been successfully tried at Board schools in Liverpool.

The different forms in which pride beasts its victims afford an amusing study. Girls who work in shops carry school books or a music roll to and from their place of business so that they may be mistaken for school girls, though their hours are certainly not those of the average pupil. Perhaps they hope to be taken for special students. The librarians of some of the public libraries say that it is a common thing for "ladies" to tear the paper covers off the books they take from the library the moment they are outside the door. These silly creatures think it looks finer to carry an uncovered book than one that is covered, and they would rather seem to own a volume than to have taken it from a library.

The latest divorce return in England deals with the 30 years ended in 1887, in which time there were 2784 petitions for judicial separation, of which 985 were successful and 335 were dismissed; there were 10,581 petitions for divorce or dissolution of marriage, of which 7321 were successful and 812 dismissed. There were 3802 cases which never came to a hearing, in 344 the Queen's Proctor intervened and obtained reversals of the decree in 236. The figures show an almost gradual increase since 1861, the number of petitions for judicial separation in 1858 being 80, and for divorce, 24 in 1859 73 and 200 respectively; in 1860, 66 and 180 respectively; in 1861, 45 and 170; in 1862 50 and 204; rising year by year to 127 and 559 in 1883, 129 and 501 in 1884, 123 and 450 in 1885, 133 and 561 in 1886, and 146 and 589 in 1887. The Queen's Proctor intervened in 32 cases in 1886.

An enterprising Californian named Snattuck proposes to utilize the water power at Folsom, in his State, for the manufacture of ice, and he claims that by so doing the price of that article may be materially reduced, and a strong opposition created to the ice monopoly. The dam which is to back up the American river at Folsom will supply from 700 to 800 horse power. Should a jute mill be established at the prison there it would take only about 300 horse power, and the idea is to devote the surplus power to running an ice manufactory. Mr. Snattuck computes that by utilizing this power, and by employing the labor of the prisoners, ice can be made at Folsom for almost nothing, and that with the most liberal allowance for freight and other expenses the article can be laid down in San Francisco at $4.50 a ton. He then allows $3 a ton for delivery, and so figures that ice can be furnished to consumers at $7.50 a ton, or at most at $10 a ton.

A Cincinnati back-driver, treasures a dollar bill of the first greenback issue. Once Salmon P. Chase, while Secretary of the Treasury, visited Cincinnati. "Shine, sir!" shouted Gaddis, the hackman, then a bootblack, to a stranger in the Burnet House lobby. "Do your prettiest," said the gentleman, with a smile, "and I'll give you my photograph." The boy did not fall in very heartily with the proposition, as he had no particular use for photographs of his customers, but after a little bantering he took the job. At the finish, the gentleman handed the boy a brand new one dollar bill. "That's my photograph," said he, walking away. The boy glanced from his customer to the bill in momentary perplexity. Then the strong resemblance which his customer bore to the vignette in one corner of the greenback caught his eye, and he knew that the Secretary of the Treasury had been having a little fun with him at his own expense.

The profits of some of the "crack" tailors of London must be very great, despite the bad debts of which they continue to complain. A tailor showed me, says a correspondent, an order the other day from a New York American whose name is famous. It read as follows: "Dear sir, Please make me 16 frock suits exactly like the last. Yours faithfully." That was all except the signature, but the signature made the note of value. The father of the man who gave this order, by the way, lived opposite our house in New York when I was a boy, and I recall vividly the threadbare old suit that he wore day after day and year after year. Summer mornings he usually came out on the front stoop in his shirt sleeves with the rusty coat in his hands and gave it a careful brushing where he could get a good light on it. After it had been well rubbed he would pull it on carefully and then trudge over to Third avenue because the fare there was a penny less than on the Fourth avenue cars—and go down town to add half a million or so to his mighty fortune. If he knew that his son and successor had ordered 16 suits at a clip it would cause him to turn over backward in his grave. But I don't believe the tailors object to such orders if the signature is all right.

Our Young Folks.

"THOSE BOYS AGAIN"

BY M BEDDERWICK.

A KNOT of boys stood whispering round a street corner.

"'Twould pay him out for old and new, and give the old fell w a scare."

So they whispered, the most mysterious parts uttered too low for other ears than their own.

Then they went straying away and disbanded, standing here and there like spies and sentinels to see something worked out.

"'Twill be a lark from beginning to end."

These were the parting words; and now, in the dim light of this evening in March, the mystery began to work.

"Here, carry this to old Blake, the schoolporter, and then run away as fast as your two legs will carry you." So spoke one of the conspirators, named Fenton, putting a note into a ragamuffin's hand, and a sixpence to boot.

The youngster grinned, and ran off right gleefully on his errand.

Now old Blake was a general sort of factotum at the endowed school in the town.

He opened the doors of a morning, swept and dusted there, arranged books; in fact, was the general spirit of neatness and order of the place, and a sorely tried individual was he, among all the crew of prankish boys who attended there.

And an old crab-stick of sour, bad temper was he in return, as the boys averred, and played their pranks upon him wholesale, but so guardedly that they were seldom detected, so as to be carried before the higher powers for punishments.

And now this looked very like one more trick of theirs.

On, on, on went the slip-shod messenger, and anon he arrived at old Blake's door, old Blake himself in the doorway, enjoying the beauty of the evening.

"This be for you." The ragamuffin thrust the note into his hand, and was off again like a shot.

"Well, who can be sending me a note?" he soliloquized, and went in, and lit a candle to read and find out.

"Please come up to supper." This was all the note contained, written in a shaky hand, not a shadow of a name affixed.

"Well, what jackanapes has sent me this?" he grumbled, and took a swift mental glance at all his hospitably disposed friends.

"I know, 'tis to sup with Jesse and James, the double J's we used to call 'em, I mind. And now I think of it, it's Jesse's birthday, and there'll be something toothsome for supper. I'll accept the invitation and go."

So he fell into the trap; and without more ado donned his hat and coat and sauntered forth.

"I'd best not lock the door, or that jackanapes may come for the keys."

Almost anybody was a jackanapes with old Blake if he troubled him at all; so out he went, shutting the door with an impatient bang.

No sooner was he well on his way than a boy slipped round the corner, and made for the door. He entered, and took down a bunch of keys from a certain nail within, and then darted out, closed the door, like a very thief for quietness and swiftness.

This was not the jackanapes old Blake expected, but one of the plotters—the arch plotter who sent him the note; and round the sheltering corner he darted to his waiting companions.

"Now, quick, lads, quick! or he'll be back from his wild-goose chase, for 'twill be certainly that, with only that most vague of vague notes to guide him."

So spoke the arch-plotter, and led the way round to the school-gate, unlocked it, and the school-door as well, and in they went (a half-dozen, no more), and the door was closed.

Now a short forum was set up in the darkest corner, and a rude effigy began to grow out of it, wrapped about with a sheet and one old garment and another: a sort of hobgoblin creature, with staring eyes (yes, they did not, truly, forget the eyes), and outstretched arms, enough to scare the unwary.

Nay, it gave them a sort of cold shiver themselves, when Fenton ceased striking his matches, and they stood to gaze at their handiwork, in the dim light of the waning evening and the new moon.

And yet the grotesque figure bore a faint likeness to old Blake, and, lest that part of the trick should be lost upon him, they pinned a card to his front, with "Old Blake" printed in bold capitals thereon.

"Capital! capital!" they cried under their breath, (Fenton, Grey, Darnly, Burt, Wren, and Knight); "he'll be sure to be here early to-morrow morning, for 'tis extra cleaning day. And oh, jolly! the windows are open, he'll be here to-night. What a lark!" and Fenton cut a caper before the hobgoblin. "'Twill scare old Blake's eyes out of his head."

Well, they picked up all the tell-tale matches and retreated, locked the door and gate, bo-peeping round the corner at Blake's door. What a bore! There was the old man, on his door step, star-gazing.

He was back from his wild-goose chase. Fenton beckoned to the others to keep quiet, while he himself went sauntering round to him.

"Ah, Blake, is that you?" said he to the old man, as mild as milk, as he expressed it afterwards.

"Ay, it's me, and a pretty fix I'm in, to be sure."

"What's the row?"

"Somebody's got the school-keys all along of my going out on a wild-goose chase a while ago."

"Ah! In the first place I wonder at your going on a wild-goose chase, a sensible, logical man like you; and secondly, White may have the keys," suggested Fenton.

"He hain't, for I went round a minute ago, and listened; there wasn't a sound of music going, and the school as quiet as the grave."

Fenton gave an inward titter.

"White may have been asleep," said he, almost too lightly.

"Eh! What! Is it a pie of your making?" snapped the suspicious old man.

"Pie! I know nothing of a pie. I wish I did, for I'm mighty hungry and want my supper. Good-night."

"What about the keys?" growled Blake, as the boy essayed to go on.

"Well, I don't believe they're lost; let's look in: seeing is believing;" so saying, Fenton stepped inside.

Only the fire-light flashed and flickered, and up went Fenton's hand to the well-known nail in the wall.

"Why, Blake, the keys are all right," cried the lad, with the ring of truth so far as the ear could detect. "I'm glad I looked in; I couldn't think they were lost."

"Then, Master Fenton, you must have put them there," returned the other, with instant conviction.

"Oh, Blake, how can you be such a fibber, and return evil for good in that fashion? I'll have no more of you. Good-night;" and Fenton walked off in high disgust.

"Well, it sounded like the truth, and yet I couldn't have been the dolt to overlook the keys," mumbled the old man to himself, as he saw for himself that they dangled in their place on the nail. "That were a sell, that were, that going out to supper. I weren't going to stay to supper where I wasn't invited." So he continued to grumble as he set out and sat down to the meal to which he was welcome. And now came White for the keys—a slim lad of about the same age as Fenton, who stepped in and reached them for himself with the words—

"The keys, please, Blake; I shan't be long to-night," and was gone before the old man could tell his puzzling grievance.

He had been an endowed schoolboy until lately; now he was apprenticed to a bookseller, when his heart was set upon music, only he loved his widowed mother better than to thwart her wishes and plans for his future, to place him with his father's old friend, who had taken him without premium.

Ah, yes, better this than some trades; but his very being thrilled with music, as it were, and the head master had given him perm ssion to practice on the school organ, the gift of the dead and gone rich founder of the school. So, after shop-closing time, Edwin White came here and took his fill of music; sometimes in the dark, sometimes "consuming the midnight oil," as the school lads put it, and kept old Blake up till ten o'clock.

Well, after this the old man sat down to his frugal supper, and then waited with what patience he could for White's appearance with the keys.

"The lad must have gone home, and took the keys with him," he soliloquized, nodding and dozing in his chair; and then the church clock struck eleven, and fairly roused him. "Well, I'll hie off to bed," quoth he, and mounted up to his chamber, where, upon looking out of his casement, athwart the silent playground, he espied the school windows were open.

"Well, I must be gone daft to leave the windows open, and thieves about; and White must be dafter not to shut them for me;" so slip slop went the old man down in his slippers, and out into the starry night.

Ha! the gate was locked; not a thread of music to be heard in the school. Of course White was gone home—sometimes he had done so, and brought round the keys early in the morning. He was half tempted to leave the windows open; it was no joke for him to scale the wall, and creep in at one of the windows like a cat, and so forth.

He was now over the wall, and creeping in at the one window which could be closed from without, shutting with a spring, whence he must make his exit presently.

Why, what was that giant figure in the corner, half in white, half in black? The huge form of a man, and such a man! His eyes caught it ere he was well within the window, and with a sort of suppressed howl he made for the door.

He fancied he saw it move—it was coming after him; which was but fancy, for there stood the ungainly thing, still in the corner, when he reached the door and looked back.

But his foot had struck against something—something alive, something—he stooped down in his fright, and he felt the something, prone on the floor—a human figure, very still, very cold.

Why, what had happened? It couldn't be White, attacked by that villain grinning in the corner?

He thought he heard a chuckle, but that was sheer imagination.

What was to be done? Must he drag himself through the window again?

He felt for the lock of the door; ah! there was the key therein—then this must be White, lying, for all he knew to the contrary, lifeless—and he, that spectre, that—that—

He had turned the key, and was without hurrying to his house for a light, with which he returned, a man who was passing accompanying him.

There lay poor White in a dead swoon, his beautiful boyish face strained and drawn in his fright, his music-books lying about him on the floor.

It was plain what had happened; he had seen on entering that dim uncanny thing in the far corner, and in sudden terror had fainted away.

"Just my effigy, ye see," quoth Blake. "That's them Turks of boys' doings, as sent me on such a wild-goose chase to suppers with nobody."

But poor, poor White! they took him home to his widowed mother, no sense, no reason in his dazed brain.

He was not dead, he breathed; and when the doctor came and applied his remedies he revived, shrieked, and sank off into another swoon.

If those practical jokers had been there, and heard him shriek, seen the look of terror leap into his eyes, seen him sink back like one lifeless—to say nothing of his agonized mother—I think they would have repented in very sackcloth and ashes of their heedless cruel trick.

But the error of a moment may be the sorrow of a lifetime; it bade fair to be something like this, as days wore on, and White lay in all the horrors of brain fever.

He was of a highly-strung organization, the shock to nerves and brain had been too much; a clever boy, not a courageous one—so said the doctors; he might pull through, but whether mind and brain would ever regain their natural balance time alone would show.

Would the sorrow of a lifetime be the punishment of those six boys for that one little moment of prankish error?

"We didn't think of this," they pleaded, humbling themselves with tears in the very dust of repentance before White's mother, when the poor boy was at his very worst.

"Didn't think, my dear boys! Half the evil and sorrow in the world is wrought through want of thought. Let this be a lesson to you for life, whether my boy lives or dies," said the pitiful mother, moved to tears herself with their tearful pleading.

"It shall, it shall," they promised; "we'll never do such a senseless, thoughtless, cruel thing again."

"Yes, boys, senseless and cruel. For, though you did not think of my boy when you planned the trick, what if Blake had been scared as he was? It must have meant death for him, or loss of reason for ever, at his age,"—so argued Mrs. White.

Well, it was not death nor loss of reason for ever with White—youth is not so easily baffled or robbed of its due; in time he was well again, and that before the six culprits had gone through the severe penance inflicted on them at school and at home.

CHASED BY WILD BEES.

BY MINNIE DOUGLASS.

"FATHER, father, I'm a good rider, at last!" called out a little boy excitedly, rushing into a large Eastern drawing-room, where his father and mother and little sister were sitting.

"Then you must have met a fairy, and she has waved her magic wand over you," cried Ethel, springing up and running towards her brother.

"No, you little silly; it's because I've tumbled twice off Donald's back this morning, and father says that unless a fellow is thrown from his horse a few times he can never be a good rider."

"I'm not going to learn to ride like that, anyhow," said Ethel, making a face.

Fred and Ethel lived with their father and mother amongst the hills in Ceylon, ever so many thousand feet above the sea.

Their bungalow (house) was built in the picturesque Indian style, with a sloping brown thatched roof, and all the rooms on one floor, which was raised a few feet above the ground.

There was a verandah all round the house, which broadened just at the entrance, and along this part were placed, in large red earthenware pots, all sorts of lovely ferns, plants and flowers.

As there was no level spot in the whole of that part of the country, the garden sloped down towards the hedge which surrounded the grounds.

It was a lovely garden, full of every sort of flower, but those that were loved most of all by Mr. and Mrs. Howden and the children were the beautiful roses, and English verbena, mignonette and white jessamine.

Beyond the hedge were tea and coffee plants growing on the hill-sides, above which was the dark jungle, and here and there a patch of bare earth, with a few charred forest trees standing up in their lonely grimness, showing where the jungle had been fired to make room for more tea-growing.

"Come on, Ethel," said Fred; "put on your hat, and let's go and get those ferns that mother wants. Donald and Sally and Boodoo are waiting for us outside."

"Take great care, children, darlings," said their mother, "not to go near any wild bee swarms, or you'll be stung to death."

In a few minutes Fred and Ethel were on their ponies, with Boodoo, the native groom, behind them, and down they all went along the zig-zag mountain paths amidst the tea-plants.

After riding down this steep descent for nearly two miles they came to the only road the children had ever seen in all their lives, for it was the only one in that part of the country. But they soon got out of it again, and began climbing a very uneven stony path through the jungle.

"Stop, Fred," shouted Ethel; "I see some of the very ferns that mother is longing for!" And, springing off her pony, she began digging all round the roots with her shovel.

"Just look!" cried she excitedly. "See what pretty little green balls these baby fronds are, and these taller ones are growing up like us, though they haven't unrolled themselves yet like the big mamma and papa fern leaves."

For some time the children were busy digging the fern roots up and putting them into their baskets; but at last they got tired, and jumped on their ponies again, and rode farther into the jungle to look for fresh ferns.

Suddenly Ethel set up a shrill scream, and her pony seemed to throw up all four legs into the air at once, and then, turning round, dashed down the rugged mountain path at a break-neck speed.

Fred's pony Donald instantly caught the infection, and flew after Sally. Neither stopped till they came to the river at the foot of the hill, when Sally stumbled so violently that Ethel was thrown right into the water.

Brave little Fred managed to scramble off Donald's back, and rushed to his sister's help. The water was only a couple of feet deep, so he easily got hold of her; but, to his horror, he saw that she was surrounded by angry wild bees. In fact, her pony had somehow disturbed a swarm of them, and it was the frightful agony of their fierce stings that had made it plunge so violently and run away.

Fortunately, the bees preferred the pony to Ethel, so that, until she was thrown, she had not been stung; but now some of them had stayed with her.

With wonderful presence of mind Fred covered his sister's head with her frock-skirt, and laying her in a sheltered spot by the river, he shouted to the groom to run home as fast as he could, and bring his father and a travelling chair.

In about half an hour's time Mr. Howden came to the rescue, and the two poor children were carried home.

Ethel was more frightened than hurt; but poor little Fred was terribly stung.

A doctor was sent for, and he was nursed most tenderly, and had all sorts of books and toys to play with in bed, and Ethel to be with him all the while; and as they had no lessons for some time, and were made so much fuss of, the children thought that, after all, it was not altogether very bad to be stung, especially when Donald and Sally (who had run home) got quite well too.

SUN-DIALS.—In olden times we find that many elected to unite their favorite mottoes to sun-dials, which they placed either in their gardens or on the walls of their dwellings, a charming practise we still see amongst the Swiss and Tyrolese peasantry, and elsewhere on their picturesque chalets.

Sometimes the mottoes were passages from Holy Writ; sometimes they expressed the thought of the owner, or consisted of some quotations from the classics, or other source. Amongst such inscriptions we find—

"Watch and pray—Time steals away."

"They die away, and they are reckoned up," these precious hours that "die away" with the shadow, marking each in its turn, and for every one of which we shall have to make a reckoning when the shadows fall no more on the dial for us!

In strange contrast to the frivolity of the age, such dial mottoes were much in vogue, in France more especially, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which points to the fact that there were a goodly number of those who had learnt to pray like the Psalmist, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

One more example that has long survived the worthy man or woman who had it inscribed on a dial may suffice.

"Haste, traveller, haste! the sun is sinking low,
He shall return again, but never thou!"

SPEED OF BIRDS.—It has been found that the swallow can fly at the rate of 93 miles an hour, and the rapidity of the swift to be not less than 250 miles an hour. If it can move even at this rate a short distance, the swift must be ranked as the swiftest of birds.

The common crow can make about 25 miles, the eider duck 90 miles, the eagle 140 miles, the hawk and many other birds 150 miles per hour.

The flight of migratory birds does not probably exceed 50 miles within the hour. A falcon belonging to Henry IV. of France escaped from Fontainebleau and was found at Malta, having made at least 1,550 miles within twenty-four hours.

Sir John Ross, on the 6th of October, 1850, despatched from Assistance Bay two young carrier pigeons, and on October the 13th one of them reached its dovecote in Ayrshire, Scotland. The direct distance being about 2,000 miles, the speed was comparatively slow. Birds whose flights have excited astonishment have been generally assisted by favorable aerial currents.

RELATIVE HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.—Five feet six inches should be 145.

Five feet ten inches should be 169.
Five feet five inches should be 142.
Five feet two inches should be 126.
Five feet nine inches should be 162.
Five feet four inches should be 136
Five feet eight inches should be 155.
Five feet three inches should be 133.
Five feet seven inches should be 148
Five feet eleven inches should be 174
A man six feet high should weigh 178
Five feet one inch should be 120 pounds.

LONG AGO.

BY D. E. N.

Though for the soul a lovely Heaven awaits,
Through years of woe,
The Paradise with angels in its gates,
Is Long Ago!

The heart's lost Home! Ah, thither wingeth ever
In silence slow,
Vanishing faces!—but they vanish never
In Long Ago!

Ye toil'd through desert sands to reach to-morrow,
With footsteps slow,
Poor yesterdays!—immortal gleams ye borrow
In Long Ago.

The world is dark; backward our thoughts are yearning,
Our eyes o'erflow;
Sweet memories, angels to our tears returning,
Leave Long Ago.

We climb; child-roses to our knees are clinging,
From valleys low;
To call us back, dear birds and brooks are rhyming,
In Long Ago.

Hands clasp'd, tears shed, sad songs are sung!—the fair,
Beloved ones, lo!
Shine yonder, through the angel-gates of air,
In Long Ago!

RATS, PIGS AND BIRDS.

About rats there have been some curious notions. One was that they had a presentiment of coming evil, and always took care to desert in time a ship about to be wrecked, or a house about to be flooded or burned. This notion has given rise to the verb "to rat," often used in political controversy, and applied to those who forsake a losing side for the stronger party.

Another notion about rats was that you might extirpate them by a persevering course of anathematizing in rhyme. This poetical charm could be put in force against any beast; but the idea was in general restricted to the rat. Many old authors allude to it.

Rats were deified by the Egyptians and Phrygians. In Egypt they were a symbol of utter destruction; they are symbolised judgment, because they always selected the best bread for their repast.

The Romans drew presages from them, and to see a white rat was held to be a token of good fortune.

There are many items of folklore connected with sheep and cattle. Country people in some districts think it lucky to see the head turned towards them of the first lamb they come upon in the spring. Should he be standing with his tail turned in their direction, that is a harbinger of misfortune.

In some sections it is held to be unlucky to count lambs before a certain time; if you do it is believed they will not thrive.

Should a farmer's cows become restive without any apparent cause it forbodes trouble to either the master or the mistress. An ox or a cow breaking into a garden is held by some to be an omen of death.

There is a proverbial saying when any one is dangerously ill, and not likely to recover, "The black ox has trampled on him." A black ox was sacrificed to Pluto, the infernal god, as a white one was to Jupiter.

The pig, which is under the special patronage of St. Anthony, has a legend connected with it, thus told: If the forefeet of pigs is a very small hole which may be seen when the hair has been carefully removed.

The tradition is that the legion of devils entered by these apertures. There are also round it some six rings, the whole together not larger than a small spangle; they look as if burnt or branded into the skin, and the tradition is that they are the marks of the devil's claws when he entered the swine, as mentioned in Scripture.

When on their rambles witches, it used to be believed, often assumed the form of hares, and many tales are told of their adventures and perilous escapes when in this disguise.

The possibility of a hare being a witch in disguise may have been at the root of the dislike people had in some parts of the country to see a hare cross the road in front of them when they were going to their work or proceeding on an errand.

Many under such circumstances would return home and not pursue their business till the next meal had been eaten, for beyond that the evil influence did not extend.

We turn now to speak of feathered folk and first among these shall place the melodious nightingale.

There is an old German legend which shows that the nightingale, with all her fine voice, is in some respects no better than she should be. Once upon a time the nightingale and the blind worm had each but one eye apiece, and they lived together in one house in peace and content. At last the nightingale was invited to a feast by a friend. She said to the blind worm:

"I am invited out, and don't like to go with one eye; be so good as to lend me yours and I shall bring it back to you in the morning."

The blind worm out of good feeling, consented. The next day when the nightingale came home she was so pleased at having two eyes in her head and being able to see on both sides, that she would not give back to the poor blind worm the borrowed eyes.

The blind worm said he would get it back again. "Try," said the nightingale. Since that time all nightingales have had two eyes and all blind worms none

But when the nightingales build their nest a blind worm lives in the bush, and it always strives to climb up and bore a hole in its enemy's eggs and suck them.

The cuckoo is perhaps of all birds the one most closely connected with superstitious lore. If on the first hearing the cuckoo you have money in your pocket you will never want it all the year. To this superstition some add, that you should turn your money and wish, and if the wish be within the bounds of reason, it is sure to be fulfilled.

The unmarried, it is said, may learn how many years they are to remain single by counting the cuckoo's notes the first time they are heard in spring. Others ascertain the length of their lives in the same way.

This recalls a curious legend found in Denmark. When in early spring the voice of the cuckoo is heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be married?"

And the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, inquire, 'Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be released from this world's cares?"

The bird in answer continues saying, "Cuckoo" as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desire will come to pass.

But as some old people live to an advanced age, and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her, that the building season goes by; she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.

Pigeons are the subject of several superstitions. It used to be believed that pigeons always sat on two eggs, which produced a male and a female, and that these twin birds lived together in love all the rest of their lives.

Grains of Gold.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Stilts are no better in conversation than in a foot-race.

He deserves not the sweet who will not taste of the sour.

Those who aspire to dive deep, should beware of coming up muddy.

When a man cannot have what he loves, he must love what he has.

Humility is most serviceable as an undergarment, and should never be worn as an overcoat.

All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short cuts.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

It is necessary to try to surpass one's self always; this occupation ought to last as long as life.

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man and fix our attention on his infirmities!

The reformer becomes a fanatic when he begins to use his emotions as a substitute for his reasoning faculty.

Many an object in life must be attained by flank movements; it is the zigzag road that leads to the mountain top.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence is, not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.

A man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Femininities.

Rub the yellow piano keys with fine sand-paper.

Military drill is one of the features of the modern girls' school.

Every girl should dress as well as her time and purse will allow.

Ladies in fashionable society have not often amiable countenances.

Silver filigree work may be cleaned by boiling in dilute sulphuric acid.

Twigs of lilac in enamel, with diamond drops, form seasonable lace pins.

Strange but true. The "quiet marriage" makes the most noise when it gets out.

The thimble has only come into use in the Kingdom of Siam within a few years.

Six hundred boxes were required to contain the trousseau of the Chinese Empress.

A four leaved clover, studded with small diamonds, is an effective hair pin top.

The woman who has the fewest number of "confidential friends" is always the happiest.

The up-stairs will be more regularly swept if a broom is kept up there for that purpose.

It is a part of French economy that a woman shall not wear her street costume in the house.

A baby may be likened to a book, of which the mother is the author and the father the critic.

When sad irons become rough or rusty rub them with a whetstone and it will make them smooth as glass.

Mrs. Cleveland is fond of the violin, and has just been instructed in the use of the bow by Miss Louise Hood.

A young woman, named Guiseppina Curtain, has been made Professor of Pathology at the University of Bologna.

Willow chairs and baskets can be cleaned by washing with salt water and a brush, and drying thoroughly before using.

If women got equal pay for equal work, would they stand their turn at buying the theatre tickets and paying for the supper?

She: "And will you always love me? All the livelong day?" He: "Yes, I guess so. You'll give me a chance to stop for meals, I suppose?"

Fur linings which have begun to shed their hair may often be used again if they are thoroughly beaten and then combed, to rid them of the loose fur.

People who find soap irritating to the skin should use in its stead a teaspoonful of salvolatile, or a few drops of spirit of ammonia, in a quart of distilled water.

To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes; half fill them with water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.

Concealing the truth. Miss Houler: "And pray tell me truly, professor, what do you think of my voice?" Professor: "Excuses moi, mademoiselle; I positively could not be so incourteous."

Clean white marble stoops, halls or walks by having them washed with a mop which has been dipped in boiling hot water and soda. Use a good deal of soda and allow it to dissolve. It is very effective.

She: "I am sorry your sister is not here, Mr. Blunt.' He. "She didn't feel quite able. She went to the cooking-school this morning, and you know after the girls get through they have to eat what they've made."

Uppish. Colored lad: "Gemman to see ye, mum." Lady of the house, at breakfast: "Very well, John; show him into the parlor." John: "Oh, but it's the gemman come to sweep the chimbly." Lady, angrily: "Then show him up the chimney."

"Which do you love most, your papa or mamma?" Little Charlie. "I love papa most." Charlie's mother: "Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you; I thought you loved me most." Charlie: "Can't help it, mamma; we men must hold together."

Fond lover, after a long delayed proposal: "Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling." Darling girl, regaining her composure with a mighty effort: "Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but (and here she became faint again) it is not too sudden."

Women who are sure that their throats and necks are pretty and white, full and well rounded, wear the wide, falling collar, now so popular with girls as well as with boys, or the deep falling plisse of mull or nainsook or lace net, white, cream, or tinted blue, yellow or pink.

Little Howard had been told he must be punished, but that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought, he said: "Well, papa, if mamma'll do it, I guess I'll be whipped, but if you are going to whip me, I guess I'll be shut up."

Mrs. Oldrich: "I was very sorry to miss you last week. I thought I had hit upon your day to be at home. Have you changed it?" Mrs. Newrich: "Oh, no! I have no regular day." "But your card says Thursday." "Yes; isn't it convenient? I noticed them at the stationer's. They're such a neat reminder.' I have a pack for every day in the week, so that folks will remember just what day I called."

"Few people know how to cook water," a noted caterer used to say. "The secret is in putting good fresh water into a clean kettle already warm and setting it to boil quickly; then taking it right off to use in tea, coffee and other drinks before it is spoiled. If it is allowed to steam and simmer and evaporate till all the good of the water is in the air, and the lime and iron and dregs left in the kettle, it is very bad."

Masculinities.

It takes a man of push to run a wheelbarrow.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.

A man who puts off his enjoyment too long will find it mislaid by the time he gets to it.

The man who knows everything is generous with his knowledge. He always wants to tell it.

If you would avoid the suspicion of your neighbors never carry your molasses in a demijohn.

Fogg declares that he no longer spends his evenings with Miss Spilkins, because her father is a freebooter.

The man who doesn't give advice and the man who can take advice gracefully are both bound to be popular.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Upon the whole it is complimentary to say a man "is not such a fool as he looks," but he seldom relishes the remark.

It is in vain to gather virtues without humility; for the Spirit of God delighteth to dwell in the hearts of the humble.

A conservative is a man who will not look at the new moon, out of respect for that "ancient institution," the old one.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue; and he who goes the lowest builds the safest. My God keeps all his pity for the proud.

Why is it that a man is better natured and more approachable after he has had a good dinner than just after he has had his breakfast?

A man out West, who offered bail for a friend, was asked by the Judge if he had any incumbrance on his farm. "Oh, yes; my old woman!" said he.

"Talk of the scarcity of husbands!" exclaimed Miss Longuale, throwing down the paper in vexation; "I rather think the real trouble is the scarcity of single gentlemen!"

A man who jerks the reins because he is too mad to be sensible and humane should have a bit placed in his own mouth and have it jerked by some brutal fellow who enjoys giving pain.

When you observe a man hastening along with a clock under one arm, a looking-glass under the other, and a couple of flat-irons in his pocket, it is best not to ask him if he is moving.

Toothache of the worst kind can generally be immediately cured by the application of a small bit of cotton-wool soaked in a strong solution of ammonia, and placed in the hollow of the defective tooth.

"Tommy," said his penurious uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a penny?" "I think," replied Tommy, "that I would feel a little faint at first, but I'd try and get over it."

"And you'll never drink, George, dear?" she asked, when he had sworn to love and cherish her forever. "Never, my darling, excepting maybe a little beer and whisky now and then." And she was satisfied.

An indulgent father. "Mary, what is the matter with that child? He's been squalling now for a whole hour." "Oh, he wants the earth!" "Well, for goodness sake give it to him. I can't do a stroke of work with all this noise."

In order to prove to a court in Chicago that memory is a treacherous thing, a lawyer told 10 different men of an accident, and when each came to tell it, no two had the incidents alike, and not one of them told it as it had been told to him.

Brown: "Oh, that's all bosh! A man can get just as good clothes as he wants at a ready-made store!" Smith: "Why, Brown, I heard you say once that a man couldn't respect himself unless he was dressed by a fashionable tailor. What brought about your change of opinion?" Brown: "Marriage."

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And, do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes round awfully; and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at evening parties!"

Simple preventive of swimmer's cramp: Take a cork and cut it across, so as to make thin circles of cork; stitch these, touching each other, between two pieces of silk ribbon, and sew up the edges; fasten the ribbon in close contact in the necessary place, which is generally upon the thigh above the knee.

The following was overheard by the ever-open ears of a reporter during the cooing hours of a country pic nic: "Darling, I'm going to let go of your hand for a minute, but you won't get mad, will you, darling? I wouldn't let go till you did, only some sort of a bug is crawling down my back, and I can't keep my mind on you and bugs at the same time."

"So this is where Congress sits?" said a traveling man, who was going through the United States Capitol for the first time. "Yes," was the reply; "you want to take off your hat when you come in here." "Take off my hat, what for!" "Out of respect for our Congressmen and the great work they do." "What great work did they do last session?" "Why—er. Why they adjourned." "So they did!" said the traveler, uncovering his head.

November 26 1864, Mrs. Hodges, of St. Louis, mailed a letter to her husband, who was in Sherman's army. On reaching his regiment the letter was given to Captain Bixby, to be delivered to Mr. Hodges. The Captain naturally put it in his pocket. A few weeks ago he found it in the same pocket of the same coat, yellow and dingy with 25 years' incarceration, but otherwise all right. He immediately mailed it, and Mr. Hodges received it in St. Louis, the city from which it originally started. The news was a little old, but the family enjoyed reading it.

Recent Book Issues.

"Can Love Sin?" by Mark Douglas, just published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city, claims to be an original American novel. It is not a novel in the right sense of the word and treats of very delicate matters in a way that is neither artistic nor commendable. An unhealthy atmosphere prevails in its pages from first to last.

"The Reporter's Companion" by Benn Pitman and Jerome Howard is indispensable to phonographic students who desire to get the highest speed. In conjunction with the "Manual of Phonography" by the same authors it is a perfect shorthand system. It covers the whole ground and does so in a commendably brief and lucid manner. Published by the authors at Cincinnati, Ohio

"Rocks and Shoals," by Bella F. Swisher, is a novel whose object is to warn the young and innocent "of the dangerous rocks and treacherous shoals in the river of life." It does this in the form of an interesting love story, that, while moving in the old channels is still entertaining and good. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Zaralila" a novel by "Beulah" though according to the title-page, not its author's first attempt, is evidently cast in the same mould. It is a lurid mixture of Italian skies, tropical islands, hateful villains, perfect heroes and heroines, with the usual dramatic details of such elements. In addition to these thread-bare features it is written in awkward if not absolutely amateurish language. Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's great work, "The Changed Brides," has just been issued by her publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city. Excellent reading form in one volume. Price twenty-five cents.

Nearly every article in *The Cosmopolitan* for June is finely illustrated. The number opens with an interesting paper on "Student Life in the University of Michigan," by Edith S. Sheffield, illustrated with a dozen engravings. William Rosen Ballou writes about "Joseph Jefferson at Home." The Chinese novel, translated from the original by Wong Chin Foo, is continued. "The Murder of Philip Spencer," is the first of a series of papers by Gail Hamilton. "The Players," describes the Player's Club of New York. The article is beautifully illustrated from photographs. "The Smuggler's Bride" is a daintily illustrated story. "The Anti-Slavery Societies," forms the third paper in "The Great Agitation" series. It is illustrated with portraits of prominent abolitionists. Other articles are "Some Practical Applications of Electricity," "In the Field Papers—Lawn Tennis," with illustrations, and two poems. Edward Everett Hale discusses some "Social Problems," and Elizabeth Birland and Moncure D. Conway do the book reviews. *The Cosmopolitan* is altogether a first-class illustrated magazine. Published at 383 Fifth avenue, New York.

UTILIZING RAT SKINS.—Rats are very interesting in narratives of animal sagacity which is as near an acquaintance with them as most people desire, and their skins, like those of moles, are delicate to a degree, and the nap delightfully soft and fine.

Moleskin make fine waistcoats and have been made up with some perseverance into mantels for ladies, and doubtless, ratskins might with considerable pains, be similarly utilized.

There was some years ago, an ingenious individual who exhibited himself in a dress composed from top to toe of rat skins, which he had collected for three years and a half.

The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckarchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 670. * * * The tippet or boa was composed of the pieces of skin immediately round the tail of the rats, and was a very curious part of the dress, containing about 600 tails, and these none of the shortest.

This proves the possibilities of rat skins, but very remote possibilities for all that. Gloves may have been made as curiosities, but not commercially. We meet with statements in books to the effect that rat hunts are regularly held in Paris sewers, and the privilege of gathering the slaughtered animals on these days sold by the authorities, but the Prefect of the Seine knew nothing about it.

We have statements, also both in books and papers that rat hides are generally used in making the thumbs or thumb gussets of kid gloves, and we have our largest glove manufacturers quite unaware of the circumstance. Hard facts against book statements—which wins?

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.—George: "Eh—you got engaged last night? Gus, my old, my dear friend, tell me how you did it!"

Gus: "Really I hardly know myself. Couldn't help it; just like falling downstairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push, and there I was—engaged!"

George: "Well, haven't had any such experience. Every time I try to start, my knees knock together and my teeth chatter and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth every time. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss de Pink, and got stuck every time."

Gus: "And did she let you stick?"

George: "Yes."

Gus: "You are courting the wrong girl!"

A STRANGE TRADE.

BY S. B. GOULD.

VERILY, one half of the world does not know how the other half lives!

Never was this brought home to me more fully than one day when, walking in the Salzburg Alps, I caught up to an old peasant laden with a sack, and learned from him his profession.

Now, the man was evidently very tired and hot with his load; but what that load was I could not conjecture.

I slackened my pace to his, and we began to talk; and I—more than half inclined to give the old fellow a help with his sack—asked what it contained.

"You would never guess," he replied.

"Potatoes?"

"No."

"A pig?"

"I wish it were."

"There is no living being in your sack?" I said to the old man.

"I did not say that. I said I was not carrying a pig."

"Not a cat?"

"No—not a cat."

"Then—you have a living animal in the bag?"

"I did not say a living animal.'

"How many have you, and what are they?"

"How many—uncountable. What they are—guess."

We came to a "Schenk," a tavern, and I invited the old man in to have a rest. He put down the sack on the road at a distance from the tavern, and then went in with me.

"You have no fear of any one taking your sack?"

"Oh dear, no! no one else would know what to do with my load, except he were an Ameiser."

"A what?"

"I will tell you while we rest."

This is what I learned, as we sat in the little inn.

The sack was full of tens of thousands of ants, black and red, along with their eggs; and the old man gained his livelihood by collecting the pupæ of ants to sell in Salzburg, Munich, and other towns, as food for cage-birds.

The business requires two; each Ameiser has an assistant. In the woods are mounds of the spines of fir-trees, collected by the ants, and the Ameiser goes in search of the ant-hills with a spade, a sack, and an assistant.

When a mound is found, then the Ameiser digs into it and throws it about. At once the ants swarm out, and each ant precipitates itself on one of the white eggs, or pupæ, and carries it off, and attempts to bury itself with it underground in one of the passages already bored for the dwelling of the colony.

In a very few minutes every egg would disappear, unless the Ameiser were on the alert.

He has, however, his sack of thick or rather close ticking ready at hand, open, and whilst one man holds the sack, the other collects the pupæ and pitches them in, as fast as he can, ants and eggs together, for the little creatures, when they have hold of an egg, will not let it go.

His hands are rubbed with oil, partly as protection against the stings of the ants, partly to facilitate quick work with the eggs.

The sting of an ant, especially of a red one, is not pleasant. I have myself had my hands blistered with them.

From twenty to forty thousand pupæ are got out of each ant-hill.

As soon as one ant-heap is cleared, then the Ameiser goes to another, till his sack is full, when he tightly secures the mouth.

It is said that ants always rebuild on the same sites, so that an ant-collector knows where to go, but is careful not to revisit the same hills and disturb them a second time in a year.

In the sack an internecine war goes on. The red ants are the most irritable and pugnacious.

They do not understand the situation, and they proceed to attack the black ants, as the cause of their disturbance and imprisonment, so that when the sack is reopened a large number of black ants are found dead.

When the Ameiser has got a supply, he seeks a solitary nook in a forest where he may let the ants run away.

He may not do this on an alp, or near a cottage or pasture, because the escaped ants injure the grass or overrun a human habitation.

So he takes care to select a spot far from the haunts of men, and also dry, and otherwise suitable for the habitation of ants, for those allowed to escape he reckons will colonize where they are discharged, and in two years' time have formed a flourishing community.

Moreover, the release of the ants is always made in hot sunshine, so that the little creatures may take readily to the new locality, but also, of course, that there may be plenty of light thrown on them, lest they should skip off carrying pupæ with them.

A sheet is spread on the ground, and the Ameiser has ready a vessel in which to measure the amount of eggs obtained.

He has generally a good number of assistants, for those who suffer from weak chests believe that to inhale the fragrance that issues from the opened sack prevents decline.

In collecting the eggs a good deal of sweet gum is also turned out from the swarms, the resinous droppings of the pines that the ants collect either for food, or to keep their habitations healthy and fragrant.

The sack is opened over the sheet, and what a scampering there is!

Out the ants pour, red and black, with eggs and gum and fir-spines, and the poor little insects, seeing the green grass, rush over the white linen to reach it, and yet, conscientiously, do not like to desert the eggs.

Sometimes, in the first transport of delight at their release, off they go, unburdened, then halt, hesitate, and turn back in quest of an egg.

Each ant seizes a pupa, the nearest to her; a red ant staggers along hugging a great black ant pupa, and a great black ant scampers off slightly impeded with the smaller egg of her red sister and persecutor.

The red ants are always the most expeditious, and would get away before the others, but that the Ameiser sits keeping watch on the frontiers of the sheet, and arrests those who are carrying off the white seed-like pupæ.

He takes these, and fills his measures with them, till all the eggs are collected, clear of the ants, and then the little creatures, after running hither and thither in search of more pupæ, and finding none, desert the sheet, and find for themselves a home in the new district, where, as already said, they will in two years have formed a flourishing colony.

The eggs are sent to town, and sold in the market as food for singing birds, and the grains of fragrant gums are also disposed of. Nightingales are especially supposed to delight in ant-eggs.

There is another way of separating the ants from the pupæ, and that is to make a hole in the ground, well shaded, and to put twigs over it, and leading into it.

Then the ants rush off with the eggs, and drop them or deposit them in the shade of this hole, and run back for more, and so by degrees fill the hole with eggs, when the Ameiser clears the pit out into his measuring-bowls, and leaves the poor little insects to consider about building again.

As is well known, the ant-workers are devoted to the care of these helpless little babies, and carry them about in the hills, according to the temperature, to the top to get warm when the sun shines, down into the deeper galleries when the nights are cold.

In Germany there are ant-baths, but these are supplied, not from the pupæ, but from the actual ants. These baths are hot, and the formic acid from the ants, strongly diluted, is supposed to have a good effect on the skin in certain cutaneous disorders.

Formic acid is what occurs in the sting-nettle, and is also found in decaying pine-wood through the oxidation of oil of turpentine.

It was formerly made from ants, but can now be manufactured chemically with greater cheapness. On account of its value it is used in photography.

Formic spirit is made by the distillation of ten parts of ants, fifteen parts of spirit, and fifteen of water. It is generally manufactured by pouring spirits on a number of wretched ants in a bottle, and is used for skin application, as an irritant.

AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN IT.—Love, in the heart of a woman, partakes largely of the nature of gratitude; she should love because she is already loved by one deserving her regard.

If young girls never allowed themselves to think of gentlemen in the light of lovers or husbands until they were asked to do so, they would escape much unnecessary suffering.

The credulity of women on the subject of being loved is very great; they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and on this foundation build up a castle in the air, and fill it with the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love; and when some startling fact destroys the visionary structure, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women.

It is safer to be very sceptical on the subject of being loved; but if a girl does make the mistake, let her take all the blame on herself, and save her dignity by secrecy if she cannot keep the heart from loving.

If girls would only have the wholesome dread of being entangled, and would watch over their preference with a jealous eye, they need never be snared by Cupid.

If one person is becoming uppermost in a girl's thoughts; if his society is more and more necessary to her happiness; if what he does and says seems more important than that of anyone else, it is time for her to be on her guard—time to deny herself the dangerous pleasure of his company—time to turn her thoughts resolutely to something else.

The beginning of a preference may be checked—it may be stifled to death; it is only by indulgence that it becomes unmanageable.

BUYING A PIG IN A POKE.—This old saying arose from what was formerly a common trick for country people, to put a cat, or a hare, instead of a sucking-pig, into a bag and bring it to market.

If any one chose to "buy a pig in a poke," poke being a word for bag, without examination, it was his own look-out—he made a blind bargain; but if he opened the "poke," he released the cat and betrayed the trick; hence, the proverb "to let the cat out of the bag."

WHOSOEVER is out of patience is out of possession of his soul. Men must not turn bees, and kill themselves in stinging others.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

JAN. 14, '88. AUGUSTA, GA.

DR. RADWAY. I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

W. H. COOPER of COOPER & EVANS.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A half teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

In Its Various Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF not only cures the patient seized with MALARIA, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, drink twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water, and eat a piece of cracker or crust of bread, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or, deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA

NEWPORT, KY.

DR RADWAY: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Pills, and feel a great deal better. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am

Yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

☞ Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THE SUMMER STYLE.

The Summer liar's on his legs:
  Young readers must beware
Of hailstones large as turkey eggs
  Reported everywhere.

And Kansas cyclones which perform
  The strangest antics known;
When even feathers off of geese
  And fleece from sheep are blown.

Of snakes and serpents fierce and wild,
  Of fish which weigh a ton;
Be careful how you read them, child,
  They're chestnuts, every one.

—U. N. NONE.

Army conundrums:—Can you see or play a pia-noon?

Can pickpockets be classed as rifle men?

Is the Major General's staff made of oak or ash?

Do you use a pen or pencil to "write about face?

How many spokes are there in the "right wheel?"

Can stealing a leg of pork be called a flank movement?

Remember that it costs less to board a street car than a horse.

Nobody was ever as much attached to the old farm as the mortgage.

It is paradoxical, and yet true, that sickness often lurks in well water.

A lazy man does not make a good servant, for the simple reason that he won't do.

Why is a man called honorable who is upstairs beating his wife?—He is above doing a mean act.

Who are the best men to send to war? Lawyers; because their charges are so great no one can stand them.

What this country needs is maple sugar that will pass a thorough civil-service examination at all seasons of the year.

The Government has announced its intention of protecting whalers. The small boys of the country will undoubtedly object.

The members of the New York Legislature have had their pictures taken in a group. The public is respectfully warned to beware.

Sunday-school teacher: "We are told that the prophet rent his clothes. Why did he do that?" Scholar: "P'raps he couldn't afford to buy 'em."

Mrs. Ward: "Where is your husband working now?" Mrs. Precinct: "He ain't working; he has got an office in the city government."

Fuller: "Somehow, I feel lost this morning." Muller: "Well, go around to the different saloons. You'll find yourself there, if anywhere."

Boarding mistress: "Well, Bridget, have all the boarders gone?" Bridget: "Yes, ma'am." "Well, then let's you and I have something decent to eat."

Small boy: "Ma, can me and Sally have some cake?" Parent: "Johnnie, you must remember to speak grammatically." Small boy: "All right. Can I have some cake?"

Seedy individual, to bartender: "Whisky, please." Bartender: "What kind, friend?" Seedy individual. "Gimme the same as the fellow had wots layin' under the billiard table."

Photographer: "Now, Miss, I am about to expose. Put on a pleasant expression. Think of something very agreeable." Maiden thinks of ice cream, and the picture is a success.

Tommy: "Mamma, why did they put Monday next to Sunday?" Mamma: "Don't trouble me now, dear; I'm sure I don't know." Tommy, after a pause: "Was it because cleanliness is next to godliness?"

Counsel: "Did you observe anything particular about the prisoner?" Witness: "Yes; his whiskers." Counsel: "What did you observe with reference to his whiskers?" Witness: "That he had none."

"One advantage of a small cottage," says a writer on building, "is that it is easily heated." This is very true, a small cottage in the middle of July is warm enough for anybody who is not wholly unreasonable.

"I always look out for No. 1," remarked a selfish fellow, who had just married a widow. "Well, you needn't worry yourself about it any longer," she replied, significantly; "No. 1 will look out for you hereafter."

Chicago woman: "I want a marriage license. My fiancee is too busy to come himself." Clerk of Court, glancing at calendar: "Let me see, this is the 10th, isn't it?" Chicago woman: "Why, how perfectly absurd of you! This is only my sixth."

First drummer: "Last week I took the biggest order of the season." Second drummer: "I don't believe a word of it!" First drummer: "You don't, eh? Well, perhaps you'll believe this. (Triumphantly producing a paper.) Here is a letter I just got canceling it."

A Southern paper publishes the following frigid extract from a reply by a subscriber to a dunning letter: "Sorry to say that I can't pay. I am very tight up, which is to say, I hain't nary red. If lard oil was 10 cents a barrel, I couldn't buy enough to grease my hair."

A fellow named Kane was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him: "How did you come to lose one of your legs?" "Well," said Kane, "on examining my pedigree I found there was Irish blood in me, and concluding it had settled in that leg I had it cut off." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a better thing if it had settled in your head."

TEMPTATION YIELDED TO.—A limp rubber hose with a trickling stream of pure water running from it is a temptation to the thirsty passer-by if it lies upon the walk, and is very different from the writhing, spurting pipe with a pressure upon it of 100 pounds to the square inch.

A rubber nose in repose, delusive and tempting, laid upon a certain street walk Friday when a thirsty stranger picked it up, and let the cooling water slowly running from it enter his mouth.

The boy who had charge of the hose recognized and appreciated his opportunity, and let on the water at full head. The man's mouth took the first spurt at 20 gallon a minute speed and volume.

He was heard to utter a mild, deluged cry before the pipe humped itself and threw him across the walk into the street, and gave him more water than he could take care of.

He scrambled to his feet and looked around to see who had assaulted him, but he could see only the pipe, full of glee and full of business. He jumped on the pipe, informed it he had a poor opinion of its proprietor, and walked away wetter and wiser than he was when he began to quench his thirst.

A NEWFOUNDLAND dog in California, which lost its master, was found no less than three different times trying to dig open his grave. After the last visit, according to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, the body, for some reason or other, was disinterred and the dog, upon shifting the coffin, took to the woods and thereafter refused all food.

THE Salvation Army has a new method of advertising itself in Paris. An open carriage is daily hired, and in it are placed four of the most conspicuous members of the confraternity—a North American Indian, a Guinaman, an Egyptian and a Persian. These are driven wherever the crowd is greatest.

THE Cherokee Indians support over 100 common schools, with an aggregate of 4059 pupils, and a high school for boys with 211 students. They are just completing a seminary that will accommodate 165 students.

THE chief source of human discontent is to be looked for, not in real, but in our fictitious wants; not in the demand of nature, but in the artificial cravings of desire.

ONE of the brightest pension attorneys in Washington, D. C. is Captain Patrick O'Farrell formerly of the 69th N. Y. Regiment. He was several years in the Pension Office and understands the ropes very thoroughly. His advertisement appears in another column. He also practices before the Patent Office and has a record of getting through quite a number of intricate but valuable patents.

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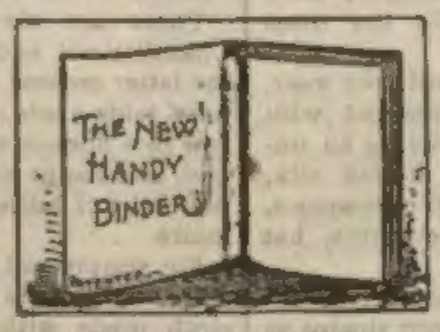
"The Handy Binder."



Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. We also makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

This HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2 00.

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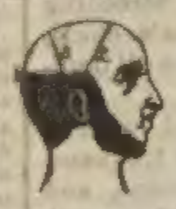

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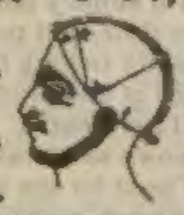

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

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Nov. 2, '86. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Two Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,

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Latest Fashion Phases.

As the season advances the simplicity and plain style of the walking costumes worn by the leaders of fashion is noticeably on the increase. After the long reign of voluminous skirt drapery and heavy folds and flounces, the plain redingotes and polonaises come as a relief.

Now that they are in vogue we are ready to admit the fact, long ago stated by hygienic authorities, that the less weight in a dress (especially those intended for walking in) the better, and the more comfortable it will be.

The only drawback to these gowns is that it is absolutely essential that the material must be good and the fit perfect.

We use the word "drawback" only because materials suitable for redingotes are at this season of the year rather costly, while in the country it is not always possible to obtain tailor-made gowns, or, in fact, any that look like them; and whereas, in a mass of drapery slight defects may be hidden, in a plain skirt and bodice they are always apparent.

In the redingote there is a blend of polonaise, for the backs are generally made in one with the bodice, while the fronts are separate, these sometimes meeting at the waist, but more often open the entire length.

When first introduced many of the skirts worn underneath were flounced or draped, now the majority are plain, with generally some ornamentation in the way of applique or braid at the edge, the redingote itself being perfectly plain save for the lined revers.

Red is still fashionable for out-door wear, and we see it constantly blended with black, a red Directoire coat having an under-dress of black satin or corded silk, with vest, cuffs, and revers to correspond, while sometimes the whole costume, hat and all, is of this gay color.

Green is another favorite color for out-door costumes, particularly such shades as reseda, ivy, dark Empire, and myrtle, and this is often like bright red, mixed with black.

Also we notice harmonious blends of tan and brown, of which the following is an example:

A redingote of thick dark nut brown cloth, the back perfectly fitting with the fulness set in box-pleats at the seams. The fronts cut separate closing in points at the waist but opening with wide coat revers above, plain sleeves with cuffs turned back.

At the sides the skirt is cut up to the waist, in front it is open with wide revers the whole way down. The revers, those upon the bodice and the cuffs and the collar, are all in handsome broche tan cloth, the under-skirt which is plain in front and pleated at the sides where it is shown, and the vest, are of brown corded silk.

The hat is of tan-colored felt, with the broad brim lined with brown plush and a large plume of brown feathers in front of the crown, tan gloves complete this lady-like costume.

Another favorite style for dresses for out-door wear is a plain skirt of rich striped material, or one ornamented with heavy galons or braiding with polonaise back, short open pointed fronts, and long vest of plain material, the latter coming some distance below the fronts.

This we have seen for a handsome promenade toilet carried out in two shades of reseda, the skirt of silk with a broche strip of velvet, the rest of the dress cloth with revers of plain velvet and also cuffs of the same.

The bonnet worn with this was a pretty little stringless combination of the two shades, the darker one predominating, with upright wings at the sides.

A pretty effect is given to the redingote if of dark colored material, by lining the fronts of the skirt with bright tinted satin, and arranging them so that they are loose enough to show the colored lining when walking.

With most of the walking dresses we see mantles forming part of the costume, natty little open fronted jackets being in favor, many of these being elaborately trimmed, a very great deal of originality noticeable in their accompanying vests, which are long and plain, full or pleated, according to the figure of the wearer.

That the graceful draped skirt has not been entirely superseded by the straight Directoire gowns is shown plainly in the first spring dresses of light woollens, silks, etc.

The draperies still exist, but they are soft and clinging, and must on no account make the garment bouffant on the tournure or about the hips.

The Greek apron, a revival of a tablier worn three years ago, is one of the most graceful draperies, and is very simple, as it drops straight down one side the length of the skirt, and is caught up on the opposite side and allowed to fall there in jaunty-like folds, displaying the foot of the skirt beneath and part of its side.

This pretty tablier, when made of cashmere, requires only a breadth, and may be trimmed across the foot with insertions of galloon, of ribbon, or of black lace, as vert-de-gris cashmere with black ribbons, or or old-rose wool with black lace.

Other lace dresses are of the figured Chantilly net, with or without scallops, in vine, arabesque and leaf patterns and stripes.

A great deal of jet galloon is used upon these dresses, sometimes in wide diagonal rows across the front of the gathered bodice, while others have jet leaf stripes set in rows down the front of the bodice and of the skirt.

Gold ribbon—metal ribbon like gold cloth—is on other lace gowns, and many galloons of mixed gold cord and jet beads.

Moire ribbon is as fashionable as last year for trimming, and the economical reader will find that she need not alter a well-made lace gown of last summer.

The gathered bodice, full sleeves, and draped skirts still prevail, though there are novelties as well, such as deeply draped lace aprons pleated in front and curving up each side to meet quite short in the back below the waist line.

There are also alternate breadths of Chantilly net and of plain Brussels net, the latter crossed by many rows of milliners' folds made of black gros grain; a narrow lace flounce edges each breadth at the foot, and hangs separate from the foundation skirt of faille, of peau de soie, or of moire.

For simple and inexpensive wraps there are short jackets of checked or striped cloth made with a turned-over notched collar like that of a man's morning coat, with the edges stitched, or else finished with cord like binding or braid.

These come in brown, gray, or green shades, and are much better in every way than the more showy jackets over-trimmed with machine braiding that are sold at the same price.

Wide sash ribbons, brocaded, striped, or of plain faille, and soft silks with fringed ends, are chosen for the Empire sashes.

An easy arrangement for a sash ribbon attached permanently to a dress is to pleat one end narrowly and hook it to the right side of the bodice at the waist line, then draw it across the front, widening it to the left side, where it should be tacked lightly on the wrong side to keep them in place; let these wide folds continue straight across the back to the right side, and then draw them across the front down to narrow pleats on the left side, like those beginning on the right, and there let the sash fall in a deep loop and two long ends.

Other sashes are of the same width all around, and are made over a whaleboned bodice of thin lining silk. Simpler sashes of narrower ribbon encircle the waist as a smooth spring belt, then lap behind, return to curve low in front below the waist line, and are tied there with long ends and loops.

Round hats for girls in their teens have projecting brims and low crowns, with wide ribbon trimming for every-day wear, but flower-laden for best wear, sometimes with rose-wreaths lying flat outside the brim, at others with bunches of maiden-hair ferns, or again with buttercups and daisies branched flatly together to lie on the brim.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Remnants, or "oddments," as the shops call them, may nearly always be had, and a few suggestions for effectively using them up may not be out of place. For small presents, hints are always acceptable.

A pretty work bag may be made of alternate lengths of silk and velvet ribbon joined together with fancy feather stitching, lined with some pale colored satin, and finished off with a rather wide drawstring.

The ribbons may be of any width from 2 inches, and any length from 10 inches, ten strips are generally required. When joined together to form the bag, and lined, they are gathered at one end, and sewn to a piece of cardboard previously covered with velvet or some harmonizing material, of about 5 inches square, to form the base.

The drawstring is run at some little distance from the upper edge, so that the contrasting lining shows above. The fashionable green ribbon, with velvet of a darker shade, and a lining of pale pink satin, looks well, also fancy ribbon, with a green, red, or blue lining.

When the colors of ribbon go out of fashion for dress use, they are often sold cheaply, especially if in short lengths. This also applies to pieces of silk, satin and material.

Another novelty is the powder puff bag, which is intended for carrying in the pocket or in a travelling bag.

It is made of a scrap of circular plush, lined with satin, with a drawstring, at an inch from the edge, pulled tightly together, and tied in a bow.

These bags, fitted with the puff, in small and large size, sell directly at bazaars, and look attractive placed in a row, in different colors.

Some novel pincushions take the form of single pansies of good size. The flower is the ordinary artificial one, and the pincushion is cut to the same shape and size, and sewn to the back, the pins being put in all around the edge.

Other pincushions are quaint; they are small and round, in dumpling form, and fixed by glue to the centre of the bowl of a wooden spoon. The spoon is tied up by ribbons. This is called "a dumpling."

Apropos of wooden spoons, some of them have the bowl beautifully painted in oils; others, a motto written along the handle in large letters, and finished off with various narrow ribbons tied round the handle, and passed through a hole bored in the bowl. The spoons are suspended by the ribbons. They are no manner of use, but are novelties.

Amateur painting is not by any means on the wane, and workers are constantly on the look-out for novel objects on which to expend their energy.

A frying or stewpan, and a warming pan seem to be the last efforts. The stewpan has a bold design of large flowers roughly painted on it, and is suspended by means of wide, soft silk tied round its long handle; the warming pan is decorated in much the same style, but has the scarf or scarves (there are usually two colors intertwined) twisted around the handle, terminating near the top in a conspicuous bow.

Tans in its declining years it becomes a drawing-room ornament, and probably contemplates, among other curiosities, the "brander" holding newspapers on the opposite wall, the clothes horse, disguised with sundry fanciful hangings, screening the door, and the old grandfather's clock, calmly ticking in the corner, once all denizens of the kitchen.

That coarse, mustard-colored article, known as "straw board," is now frequently used for the panels of tall screens, and the back-grounds of small photographic mats.

It is most pleasant to paint upon, and is firm and durable. If tinted first, and then boldly painted with oils, laid on thickly, and lastly varnished, or covered with glass, the appearance much resembles china.

Many square photo frames have the aperture for the cabinet cut out in the shape of a heart, and covered with a piece of plush or old-looking brocade. Sometimes the whole frame is heart-shaped, and is tied up with a bow of soft silk at the top.

Large gilt picture frames with delicate tracery, such as are often found in the lumber rooms of old houses, are now painted white, and have a cardboard mount covered with plush or pale colored brocade fitted into them, with various places cut for photographs.

This frame is put on a small table in the centre of a room, with a scarf arranged at the top. The white wooden photo receptacles that resemble small overmantels, holding from four to eight photos, now have a gilt rod along the top, with a little yellow, red, or peacock-colored silken curtain at each end, intended to draw, if required, across the whole row.

Small corner cupboards, most moderately priced, and said to be of Flemish carving, are now fashionable for fixing into the corners of boudoirs, studios and bedrooms, for hiding away bottles and other small things. The wood is brown and unpolished.

But there are also others in white wood, sold for enamelling and amateur decorating. Unpolished walnut is in great favor at present.

Potatoes Sautees.—Take some cold boiled potatoes, cut them in slices, and put them into a saucepan, with plenty of butter or clarified beef dripping, salt, plenty of pepper and some finely minced parsley; keep turning them over till they are a light brown.

Confidential Correspondents.

DEDLOCK.—A patent costs $35. For other information apply to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

HERALD.—Twelve cables extend across the Atlantic. All of them are connected directly or indirectly with the United States.

OTTO R.—General Winfield Scott was presented as the Whig candidate for the Presidency in 1840 but he declined in favor of General Harrison; in 1852 he was nominated but was defeated.

H. STEELE.—St. Vitus was a Roman priest afflicted with a disease common in Italy. It is a species of epilepsy. It is also asserted that the sting of the tarantula, a venomous spider, will bring on the fit.

REGIS.—Charles Stewart Parnell was born in 1846 at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland. His mother is a daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart, a celebrated American naval officer. On his father's side he is of English descent.

STING.—You will find a raw onion a simple remedy for a wasp's sting. Place the juice or pulp on the affected spot; or chew a raw slice and swallow it slowly, if the inside of the throat be stung. Common blue, used by laundresses, is also an old and well-tried specific.

A. L. P.—A "morganatic marriage" is one in which the wife is of inferior rank to the husband, and in which the children do not inherit the father's title or possessions. It is legal and the children are legitimate. This offensive style of "marriage" is customary among the German princes.

SILBERBIR.—The best way to treat styes on the eyelid is to apply hot fomentations to the eye until a little head comes on the swelling. A fine sewing needle should then be plunged into this to make a free opening, and hot bread or linseed meal poultices should be applied till the matter is evacuated and the swelling subsides.

T. C.—It means bad language. Billingsgate is said to have derived its name from Belinus Magnus, a British prince, the father of King Lud (409 B.C.); but Stow thinks from a former owner. It was the old port of London, and the customs were paid there under Ethelred II., 979. Billingsgate was made a perfectly free market in 1699. In 1849 the market was greatly improved.

NELL.—You have washed the Japan tray with hot water, which will always crack the varnish. If anything of a glutinous character should fall on it, and rubbing with a soft linen cloth fail to remove it, you may use a little cold water and a few tea-leaves still soft from use in the teapot. If streaky from grease, sprinkle a little flour or whiting on it, and rub off with the soft linen cloth.

ARARON.—The word "bazaar" is derived from the Persian "bazar"—sale, exchange of goods, market. It is generally the name applied to a private sale, and to our knowledge there is no record of its first use in this country. All market places in Eastern countries, either open or covered, are termed "bazaars;" as well as the meeting place of merchants to transact business one with another, as on 'Change in England or the Bourse in France. The word is used nowhere in the Bible.

MONTANA.—By the census of 1880, the proportion of males to females was about equal; in round numbers, 25,000,000. At birth there is a slight excess of male children born. By forty-five years of age the number of each sex is equal, and after forty-five the females exceed. 2. Muriel is generally pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, "u," taking the sound of the same vowel in "Music." 3. You are young, gentle, confiding, fond of taste and affectionate. If there is any bad quality shown, it is that you are disposed to be occasionally indolent or careless.

ARNOLD.—If the girl is of age and you are as honest, industrious, respectable, and moral as the average of young men, neither of you is bound to abide by the decision of the girl's father. It is not likely that he married to please his parents, and what was fair for him is by the same reasoning fair for you. Don't do anything rash, foolish, or dishonorable, but if you cannot marry with his consent, why do without it. We do not counsel disobedience on the part of children, but neither do we sanction tyranny on the part of fathers. There are a thousand ways of seeing or communicating with her, all of which are open to you, and which will naturally suggest themselves.

SHORTHAND.—"Sloyd" is an educational system lately introduced from Sweden. Briefly described, it is a plan for disciplining body and mind by teaching children the use of materials; and the results gained are said to be simply marvellous. The children learn to love work for its own sake; they practice cleanliness and neatness; their physical powers are improved; they grow orderly, diligent, and persevering, and their powers of study are not at all impaired. Unless the new system is destroyed by official interference, we foresee an immense improvement which will affect every part of social life; and we long earnestly for the day when the miserable army of mere clerks may be diminished in numbers. The kinds of "Sloyds" taught in Sweden are smith-work, metal-work, basket-making, house-painting, fretwork, book-binding, pasteboard-work, carpentry, turnery, and carving. The children love the employment.

EASTLEACH.—To clean an oil painting you must take it out of its frame. Lay a wet clean towel on the face of the picture, sprinkling it from time to time with soft water. Let it remain wet for two or three days, and then remove the cloth and put on a fresh one. After wiping the picture with a clean wet sponge, repeat the process until all the dirt is removed, and let it dry thoroughly; then rub it with either nut or linseed oil. To protect your picture from dust and damp is very essential. The canvas on which it is painted is always liable to absorb moisture from the walls, and this will strike in through the priming to the colors. One way to avoid this is to give the canvas at the back a coat of paint, applied with varnish. The only way to keep the face of an oil painting perfectly free from dust and dirt is to cover it with a glass. A picture not protected in this way may, however, be kept in good condition by carefully dusting with a feather brush and occasionally washing—once or twice a year—with a soft rag, using warm—not hot—water and a particle of soap that is not strong. The picture should be wiped so gently that the finish or glaze on its surface cannot be injured.